

# THE ACADEMY.

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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"Multa renascentur, quae jam cecidere; cadentque, Quae nunc sunt in honore."

Many a wearied reader would quote these lines, in this day of ours, if it were our habit to frequent the Ancients as industriously as we frequent the modern authors, and their periodicals; for the Moderns omit no device to make us frequent them, neither they nor their publishers ever miss an opportunity. The whole of these essays and discourses have been bestowed already upon the public, by Mr. Froude, or by the editors of several magazines: the reviewer, therefore, has nothing new to say of them, except that they are now bound in one cover, and printed in one type. Mr. Froude says of them himself, that he reproduces them because they are carefully written, and because he hopes they may have some interest to historical students. They will, undeniably; because this volume will always serve to commemorate the author's appointment to the chair of history at Oxford: an appointment that must be interesting to every student of history, and more than interesting to every professional historian. Mr. Froude's appointment deserves particular commemoration; and as he commemorates it by a volume, we may celebrate it by this line of Horace:

"In vitium ducit culpae fuga, si caret arte."

Or, since modern history is banishing the classics, we may convey the satire of Horace and of Lord Salisbury by the old proverb, "Out of the frying-pan, into the fire"; if, indeed, it were the intention of Lord Salisbury to temper the vices of Mr. Freeman by the virtue of Prof. Froude.

The essays themselves are not only carefully written, but exceedingly well written; and there are few blemishes to be found in them so bad as that, where Mr. Froude allows himself to say "As I was *laying* in

my berth." He does not say what he was "laying"; but, like Mrs. Cluppins and other Pickwickians who talk in her manner, he overheard the sound of voices, and he has recorded what they said. This laxity of speech and of practice may be pardonable in an author's holiday, or natural in the loose pages of a magazine: it is unpardonable in a revised and finished volume, or upon the lips of a university professor. With better taste, Mr. Froude says "there is something artificial in the modern enthusiasm for landscapes"; and there is something much worse than "artificial" in our modern descriptions of them. Of these vices, Mr. Froude is entirely innocent; and after some books of travel, with their lascivious phrases, and their hysterical sentiment, it is no less wholesome than pleasing to turn to the quiet manner and to the masculine thought of Mr. Froude. Nothing could be better than Mr. Froude's choice of reading, when he travels: the *Odyssey*, Xenophon, a Greek play or two, are his companions; and to them we may fairly attribute something of his chastened style. Would that all those who travel and all those who stay at home, "busied with fiction," as their saying is, or "occupied with verse," producing "phenomenal publications," would cultivate the same good authors, or would learn to cultivate them; as we should then have a better literature, and we should be spared many "epoch-making books." But, perhaps, this is asking for too much in our busy age; and we should excuse each budding genius, as Victor Hugo has been excused, by saying "il n'avait pas le temps d'avoir du goût." For writers in a hurry, there is nothing I desire except their silence. In the writings of Mr. Froude, with all their undeniable power and clearness, there is always one other thing that I desire; and I use the word now in its delicate Latin sense: I desire more charm, more trace of a loving acquaintance with our own good authors, especially with those of the last age. Mr. Froude is too strenuous and stern, not only in his thought, but in his writing. An author can hardly have too much of these high qualities; but he can display too much of them, and then he will be monotonous; or, in spite of all his excellence, he will be wearisome. Such authors as these go near to forgetting that wise precept, "Be not righteous over much"; and Mr. Froude is terribly righteous, particularly when he discourses to monks and bishops. I have often thought, as I read his imaginative account of Mary Stuart's death, that it must have been a greater effort for him to write it than for the Queen to endure it. An historian may have other thoughts as he reads this dramatic scene; but I confine myself, at present, to the literature of Mr. Froude. Good as that is, it has too exclusively the note of what Mr. Pater calls "modernity"; we find in it too seldom the pondered phrase, or the happy word, that recalls the page of Addison and Goldsmith, to whom every historian and essayist should be compelled to "give his days and nights." We are reminded too often in Mr. Froude of Lord Macaulay, or of the leading article; though they are always much the same in

their hardness, and sometimes in their brilliancy and their smartness. Perhaps this is why the critics of the daily papers are always exuberant in their praise of Mr. Froude; and, if he be judged by their standard, he cannot possibly be over praised. The accomplished negligence of Goldsmith, the dainty satire and the full sound of Gibbon, the light strokes of Addison, the music of Johnson when he talks of poetry, the persuasive moods of Newman, the educated insolence of Arnold: what gifts are these, to the essayist and to the historian; what models in the way of writing, when they are combined with perfect clearness and expressed in the happiest vocabulary. It is by these gifts that they compel us to read on and on in their enchanting pages, without ever growing weary.

In one of the early pages of Mr. Froude's *History* there is an enchanting paragraph, about the passing of the Middle Age and the dawn of the modern world. He talks of the sound of bells, and of the solemn figures of the old English who lie in effigy in our cathedrals. Some feeling of this kind has made him write of the Templars: their solemn figures in the Temple Church were before him as he wrote his essay, and the tragedy of their fate pervades it. It is a good essay, and a true; it records in very simple language one of the worst, and the most amazing, crimes in mediaeval history. But

"our business with these things," says Mr. Froude, "is to understand them, not to sit in judgment on them. The black colours in which Philip the Beautiful and his bishops were pleased to paint the Templars will perhaps, if history *cares* to trouble itself about the matter, be found to attach rather to the extraordinary men calling themselves successors of the Apostles who racked and roasted them."

This is what Mr. Froude understands about the Templars, and about the niceties of the subjunctive mood. He does not seem to be very clear whether it were the Apostles themselves, or their successors, who racked and roasted Templars; but Mr. Froude has always been dubious about the apostolical succession: it is an old trouble of his, and it still perplexes him.

The three other essays are about Spanish history, and they are well worth reading. The first, to realise how carefully the Armada was prepared; how scandalously it was mismanaged when it went to sea; and how nobly King Philip behaved under his misfortune. Not the least admirable thing is the unconscious humour of his notice to the bishops, when he ordered a thanksgiving, and says of the Armada: "It might have experienced a worse fate; and that the misfortune has not been heavier is no doubt due to the prayers which have been offered in its behalf so devoutly and continuously." Philip was thankful for small mercies; and the account of Antonio Perez brings out his other good qualities: his industry, his desire to do right, and the mistakes he made in doing it sometimes.

Mr. Froude has found a scene after his own heart, when he describes the translation of Saint Theresa, and the partition of her relics. "The eye-witness who describes the scene was made happy by a single

finger-joint. The General himself shocked the feelings or roused the envy of the bystanders by tearing out an entire rib." Some of the Saints, it would seem probable, are likely to be embarrassed with the number of their limbs and members, when they rise again; and some venerated relics are likely to be more embarrassed, by finding no Saints.

ARTHUR GALTON.

*The Purgatory of Dante Alighieri.* Translated by Charles Eliot Norton. (Macmillans.)

WE must confess to having read this second instalment of Mr. Norton's prose version of the *Divina Commedia* with a certain feeling of disappointment. Mr. Norton states that it has been his aim "to be as literal as is consistent with good English"; and he partially justifies his undertaking on the ground that the version of one at least of his predecessors—viz., Mr. A. J. Butler—is "somewhat crabbed through an occasional excess of literal fidelity." As we have already pointed out in a former article, Mr. Butler does not claim to have produced anything more than a "crib" pure and simple. But we are bound to say, since Mr. Norton challenges the comparison, that we find Mr. Butler's "crib," taken as a whole, at least as readable as Mr. Norton's present volume.

In his translation of the *Inferno*, which we noticed a short time ago, Mr. Norton undoubtedly at times reaches a high pitch of excellence. We are sorry to be unable to say the same of his version of the *Purgatorio*. It seems to us to be lacking in ease and rhythm, and to err, strangely enough, not unfrequently in being too literal, and, hence, awkward—precisely the faults which in the light of his Introduction we should have thought Mr. Norton would be most careful to avoid. A specimen—the rendering of the famous apostrophe to Italy in Canto vi., a passage where a translator may reasonably be supposed to be at his best—will illustrate our meaning:

"Abi serva Italia, di dolore ostello,  
Nave senza nocchiero in gran tempesta,  
Non donna di provincie, ma bordello;  
Quell' anima gentil fu così presta  
Sol per lo dolce suon della sua terra,  
Di fare al cittadin suo quivi festa:  
Ed ora in te non stanno senza guerra  
Li vivi tuoi, e l'un l'altro si rode  
Di quei, che un muro ed una fossa serra.  
Cerca, misera, intorno dalle prode  
Le tue marine, e poi ti guarda in seno,  
S' alcuna parte in te di pace gode.  
Che val, perchè ti racconciasse il freno  
Giustiniano, se la sella è vota?  
Senz'esso fora la vergogna meno."  
(vv. 76-90).

Mr. Norton translates:

"Ah, servile Italy, hostel of grief! ship without pilot in great tempest! not lady of provinces, but a brothel! that gentle soul was so ready, only at the sweet sound of his native land, to give glad welcome here unto his fellow-citizen; and now in thee thy living men exist not without war, and of those whom one wall and one moat shut in one doth gnaw the other. Search, wretched one, around the shores, thy seaboard, and then look within thy bosom, if any part of thee enjoyeth peace! What avails it that for thee Justinian should mend the bridle if the saddle is empty? Without this, the shame would be less."

We get here but a feeble echo of the *saeva indignatio* of the Florentine poet; and the rendering is so literal as to be not only bald, but even obscure, for, however allowable Dante's phrase "lo dolce suon della sua terra" may be, it is, to say the least, neither good nor intelligible English to speak of "the sweet sound of his native land," when what is actually meant is "the sweet sound of the name of his own land."

For the purposes of comparison we may quote the version of this same passage given by the late W. S. Dugdale in his translation of the *Purgatorio*, which was undertaken as a continuation, on similar lines, of Dr. Carlyle's prose translation of the *Inferno*:

"Ah! slavish Italy, hostelry of woe, ship without a pilot, tempest-tost, no more a queen of nations, but a place of evil fame! That gentle spirit was thus prompt, at the mere name of his dear native land, to proffer here a welcome to his fellow-citizen. Yet now, they who live within thy borders wage ceaseless war, and one devours the other, even when encircled by the same walls and moat. Go, search, then, wretched one, around the shores of thy seas; and then turn thine eyes into thine own bosom, to see if any part of thee enjoys the blessings of peace. What boots it that Justinian renewed thy reins, if the saddle is empty? Had not that been done, thy shame would be less."

This, though blemished here and there by needless expansions, is quite sufficiently literal, and it gives at the same time a fair idea of the spirit of the original. We may take this occasion to remark that Dugdale's translation is not so well known as it deserves to be, for, as may be gathered from the above specimen, it is both spirited and rhythmical, and on the whole it is correct.

If we have dwelt at some length on our disappointment with the present volume it is because we had, owing to the acknowledged excellence of Mr. Norton's previous volume, formed high expectations of it beforehand. For it seemed natural that a translator who succeeded so admirably in his version of the *Inferno*, should, at least, not fall below his own standard in dealing with the *Purgatorio*, which is at once less "difficult," and more attractive, as being more human.

Apart, however, from its shortcomings in the matter of English style—and it is from this standpoint alone that our judgment is unfavourable—Mr. Norton's translation, besides being strictly accurate, has a special value of its own, which is not shared by that of either of his predecessors. Mr. Norton has been able to avail himself of the results of Dr. Moore's recent labours on the Italian text as embodied in his valuable *Textual Criticism of the Divina Commedia*. The translation is based for the most part on Witte's critical text, but in several instances readings have been preferred which Dr. Moore's researches have practically established as correct. The most important of these are (Canto ii. 13) *sul presso del mattino* for Witte's *sorpreso dal mattino*; (Canto vii. 51) *o non sarria che non* for Witte's *over sarria che non*; and (Canto x. 30) *dritta di salita* for Witte's *dritto di salita*. We should have been glad to see added to these (Canto xxvii. 81) *lor poggiate serve* for Witte's *lor di posa serve*, which Mr. Norton retains. In another passage, again

(Canto xxii. 40), which Dr. Moore has not included among his test passages, we think the wrong reading, and consequently the wrong interpretation, has been adopted. Mr. Butler reads:

"Perchè non reggi tu, o sacra fame  
Dell' oro, l'appetito de' mortali?"

and translates: "Why restrainest thou not, O holy hunger of gold, the desire of mortals?" This we believe to be correct. Mr. Norton evidently reads *A che* (which by the way is not Witte's reading—he has *Per che*) and renders: "O cursed hunger of gold, to what dost thou not impel the appetite of mortals?" Witte's *nasuto* (Canto vii. 103) is rightly rejected in favour of *nasetto*, as Philip III. of France, who is there alluded to, was indubitably "short-nosed." We observe that Mr. Norton follows his predecessors in what is almost certainly a mistaken rendering of Canto xxvi. 118:

"Versi d' amore a prose di romanzi  
Soverchiò tutti."

"In verses of love, and prose of romances, he [Arnaut Daniel] excelled all." This would make Dante imply that Arnaut wrote "prose romances." As a matter of fact, as we have already pointed out in the *ACADEMY* (April 13, 1889), there is no ground whatever (beyond this mistranslation and the erroneous inferences drawn from it) for supposing that Arnaut wrote "romances" of any kind, or that Dante thought so. There is little doubt that the correct rendering of the passage is that suggested by the comment of Buti: "He surpassed all (authors of) verses of love and prose of romance," that is to say, "he was superior to all who have written either in Provençal (*versi d' amore*) or French (*prose di romanzi*)," it being borne in mind that Dante expressly states in the *De Vulgari Eloquentia* that everything in the "vernacular prose," whether translated or original, was in the *Langue d' Oil*.

Mr. Norton's notes are careful and well selected, those on the Mystic Procession in Canto xxix. being especially helpful. There is a wrong reference (vi. 1, instead of v. 1 § 2) to Valerius Maximus on p. 97. The note on Pia (p. 31) is not up to date; the late Signor Banchi having shown some years ago (see *ACADEMY*, June 19, 1886) that "la Pia" of *Purg.* v. 133 could not be Pia de' Tolomei, since she was still living in 1318. The story of Tomyris and Cyrus was derived probably, not from Justin, as Mr. Norton suggests (p. 75), but from Orosius, to whom Dante was chiefly indebted for his knowledge of ancient history.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

*Russian Characteristics.* Reprinted, with Revisions, from the "Fortnightly Review," by E. B. Lanin. (Chapman & Hall.)

WHEN we had finished this book, so full of terrible indictments against Russia and her people, the two following difficulties presented themselves to us, as perhaps they will to some of our readers. If Russia be really a country in such a state of exhaustion and decay, so wanting in capable and honest citizens, how is it that



she is to be regarded as so formidable an adversary to many of the European powers? How is it that she bids fair to be the heiress of England in India, according to the opinion of Mr. Lanin? How is it that, if we take the views of our author and many of the English Russophobes, she is such a source of danger in threatening to absorb Slavonic Austria and the Balkan States? There must be some mistake here: if she contains so many seeds of internal dissolution, she must be powerless, and her enemies have only got to march over her ruins. Surely it is a law with states, as with physical bodies, that they cannot long exist, still less spread and develop themselves, if their organism is corrupt and ready to fall to pieces. The other point that forces itself upon our attention is, that if any enemy of our own country were to take the trouble to make extracts from English newspapers detailing the crimes, the scandals, and disgraceful *causes célèbres* constantly occurring among us, what an indictment might be brought against the English people, as indeed against any other nation subjected to the same process!

But a kind of logical fallacy is suggested by these articles, when our author would fain have us believe that what has occurred in different parts of the Russian empire at different times occurs every day as an ordinary event. To this we might add that many nations—ourselves among the number—are fond of speaking of their own defects in an exaggerated way. A great many of these descriptions must be put down to that love of rhetorical writing which finds its true sphere in the newspapers. We are nothing if we are not smart nowadays. In England we have a good deal of this tendency to self-depreciation and pessimistic writing, and many foreigners, on reading the philippics contained in some of our Radical newspapers, have rushed to the conclusion that the country must be on the eve of revolution. Again, there is an inconsistency in speaking of the press as being so gagged in a country in which it is possible for such statements to be made publicly.

As far as we can judge from his book, Mr. Lanin, to use the *nom de guerre* under which the real author conceals himself, appears to have spent his time chiefly in a city—probably St. Petersburg—and to have got from the newspapers his accounts of what happened in the rural districts. We are hardly conscious of a passage in which he implies direct personal knowledge; and in this respect, in spite of his depreciation of Dr. Lansdell, we shrewdly surmise that the latter has seen a great deal more of the interior of the country than our author.

Everything is fish that comes to Mr. Lanin's net. On p. 164 he is eloquent over the tricks of trade in Russia, as if, forsooth, they were peculiarly Slavonic and unknown further West. How awkward it would be for us if all the best accredited pieces of cheating which our newspapers report were carefully collected! Mr. Lanin even adduces, among his instances of the universal corruption of Russia, stories about the plagiarism of authors, and tells us gravely how

Prof. Morozoff was accused of having stolen some ideas from another author in his *History of the Russian Drama*. If ever a corresponding indictment is brought against the English people, are we to expect that Mr. Churton Collins' book on Lord Tennyson's supposed plagiarisms will be gravely quoted? We remember some years ago reading in the *Istoricheski Vestnik* the stories about the novelist Turgueniev which Mr. Lanin mentions. We looked upon them at the time as only some of the many instances of the eccentricity and absence of mind of the *genus irritabile* of authors. We are told, for example, how Turgueniev invited some friends to dinner and never turned up, as the phrase is, on the occasion. But from such mere social gossip an indictment is framed against the whole Russian people for meanness and mendacity. We are afraid that cases of such perfidy and dishonesty have occurred before this in the sacred city of Oxford itself. But surely a great deal of this is mere triviality. We certainly read with amazement on p. 500 about the brutal coarseness of the Great Russian literature. To what does our author refer? Surely a more unfounded assertion was never made. The popular literature of that part of the Russian Empire is as pure and simple as the Malo-Russian, of which Mr. Lanin speaks so favourably. A tolerable familiarity with Russian song-books for many years has not enabled us to discover these gross and disgusting productions.

This reckless statement does not seem to be of more value than the strange idea propounded by our author that the Russian word for week, *niedielya*, proves them to be an idle people. We are afraid that Mr. Lanin's Russian studies cannot have been very deep, or he would have learned that *niedielya* was the old Slavonic word for Sunday, and, indeed, is still the word in some of the Slavonic languages. It, no doubt, became changed in Russian to mean a week, because it was the first and most important day of the week; perhaps in the same way as among the Jews (in the language of the Greek Testament) *σάββατα* came to mean the week. Cf. *εἰς μίαν σάββατον* (Mark xvi. 2).

Nor can we follow our author in his fanciful remarks upon the Accadian language and its supposed resemblance to Finnish, upon which some strange opinions are based—e.g. (p. 457): "The old respect which inspired the laws of the Accadians of Babylon and characterised the Finns of Pagan times still manifests itself in the conceptions of modern Finland" (!) Here is surely some very amateurish philology.

On p. 290 we get exaggerated remarks on Russian immorality: their young people are not subjected to "those painful prunings and chippings of the early desires, branching luxuriantly forth in all directions, which give strength and elevation," &c. When we read our author's remarks on Russian immorality and his extracts from the newspapers, we cannot help rejoicing a little that no Russian has performed the same pious task for us.

We do not quite understand what has dictated the constant panegyrics of the Jews

which Mr. Lanin has introduced. Without at all justifying the extreme measures which have been dealt out to them, we look upon much that our author says about this unfortunate people as very special pleading indeed. For example, his attempt to explain away the fondness of the Jews for keeping public-houses in Russia. Here and there we find a word for the Turk put in very dexterously. The programme of the book appears to be quite as much a panegyric of the Jews as elaborate abuse of the Russians. We are glad that our author says a few kind words for the Armenians. The great danger they run in Russia is that of assimilation: so many careers are open to them, and they are able, we have seen in many instances, to rise to the highest positions.

But our author, in his tedious diatribe, only gives us—if he *really* gives us—one side of the picture. He says little or nothing of many of the solid virtues of the Russian: of his real piety, to which M. Leroy Beaulieu, well acquainted with the country, bears cheerful witness; his tender-heartedness, shown in his kindness to the poor, his patriotism, and his hospitality. We do not think the less of a Spanish, nay, even of an Irish peasant, because his simple faith is mixed with what we call superstition—always a very indefinite word, into which each man will read what he pleases.

But to say a few words by way of conclusion. How undignified on the part of England all these petty attacks upon Russia seem, which are too often welcomed only in consequence of the political jealousies she has aroused. Let us be just to Russia. She has had a difficult part to play—her thinly-populated territories, her severe climate, her vast plains, so easy to be overrun by the invader, and the large Oriental population occupying her south-eastern provinces: all these have been factors in retarding her progress. She has also been greatly impoverished by the emancipation of the serfs. But that real elements of good are to be found in her people, even those who do not know her from travel, may gather from the works of Tolstoi and Turgueniev, to say nothing of others. They may see of what fine stuff her peasants are made when they turn over the delightful pages of the *Zapiski Okhotnika*. At the commencement of the century Russia saved the Georgians from being engulfed by Mohammedan barbarism. In our own time we have seen her engaged in one of the noblest wars ever undertaken by a nation—the rescue of the Bulgarians from the brutal yoke of the Turk. Our own countrymen, unfortunately, were occupied in the less worthy task of riveting their bonds tighter. Upon what a new period of terrible oppression did the Bulgarians enter after the Crimean War, as many leading men among them have assured us. Then some of the most civilised nations in the world—ourselves among the number—guaranteed to the Mohammedan oppressor that he should be undisturbed in the persecution of his slave! Whatever may have been his faults, the Russian has done a nobler thing in Bulgaria than that.

W. R. MORFILL.

*Granite Dust.* By Ronald Campbell Macfie. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

WHY this little book should be called *Granite Dust* is by no means obvious, till one realises that the author is a resident in the Granite City. Aberdeen has not been fruitful of poets, compared with the rueful abundance of other more or less favoured places; though at present more than one singer to the manner born lives in the grey old town. The author of *Granite Dust* is probably a very young man: indeed, his lucubrations betray him beyond question. He has something of the crudeness of literary inexperience, but more of the crudeness of youth, that happy crudeness which is the salt of life, the spice that gives it its keenest flavour, and the forfeiture of which may be a gain to the artist, but is a loss to the man. Moreover, being young and having a sensitive ear for what is rare in metrical music, he tantalises us occasionally with echoes, all of them probably unconscious.

But as this little book has not been picked out from a score of others merely to have attention drawn to its almost inevitable drawbacks, let me hasten to say that its author is indubitably a poet in his degree. What that degree is has yet to be determined: it is much that he has a single clear note of his own, and one not without appeal. There is in the following lyric that haunting charm with which the Elizabethans knew so well how to animate their songs, but which few latter-day poets can convey:

"Alas, alas, ehén!  
That the sky is only blue  
To gather from the grass  
The rain and dew!  
Alas! that eyes are fair:  
That tears may gather there  
Mist and the breath of sighs  
From the marsh of care!  
Alas, alas, ehén!  
That we meet but to bid adieu:  
That the sands in Time's ancient glass  
Are so swift and few!  
Alas, alas, ehén!  
That the heart is only true  
To gather, where false feet pass,  
The thorn and rue!"

A double strain goes through *Granite Dust*. A serene and quiet mood finds frequent expression in such lines as these opening quatrains of "A Day in June"—

"The sun was zenith high. A lifeless cloud  
Lay in the west  
Like a dead angel lying in a shroud,  
With lilies on her breast.  
O'erladen was the shimmering air with balm  
And pollen-gold.  
There reigned a perfect silence and a calm  
O'er hill and wold."

—as, too, in "Triumph," and the beautiful love lyric "Depart." A feverish and occasionally somewhat spasmodic mood manifests itself not less often in such pieces as "Telemachus," "That Night," and the Prelude: in such lines as "the vortex of a loving kiss," "... the skeleton Despair, Whose fingers rattle in her hair." But even here—and we all know how much easier it is to be bitter and despairful in verse, than steadfast and serene—there is much to admire. The poet can be "spasmodic" and yet be a poet, and he has that

delightful audacity which is another proof of the genuineness of his intellectual lineage. Lines like these from "That Night":—

"Thunder, with loosened limbs, lay huddled in a swoon.  
Lightning had slunk away. There was never a stir in the air.  
The trees stood statue-still as of motionless marble hewn,  
Save one high branch that was bent before the moon,  
By the corse of an Absalom wind hanging heavily by the hair";

or these, of "Destiny":

"By weight of many woes unbowed,  
Imperious and full and proud,  
She sitteth in a thunder-cloud.

"And, peering through the purple mist,  
Our 'wildered eyes behold her twist  
The jagged lightning round her wrist;"

or these, from a powerful and imaginative fantasy, "The Dying Day of Death," spoiled by a weak line here and there, as "Patient and calm amid the world's unrest, *There shone a star or two.*"

"Weird voices wailed about the vex'd sea:  
Cold corse lay upon the yellow sands,  
Panting themselves to life and painfully  
Moving their ashen hands.

I climbed a hill: and on the plain below  
Beheld astonied the hollow face  
Of man's relentless foe.

About his temples, sinuous serpent veins  
Seemed writhing; and his lips were thin and starven;

While by the chisel of a myriad pains  
His great brow-dome was carven."

But, as yet, Mr. Macfie is on surest ground when he is simplest both in emotion and expression. The already alluded to "Depart," the fine "Fate," beginning—

"Spinning, spinning, spinning,  
She plied her ancient loom;  
Here, a silver beginning,  
There a sable doom.  
The woof is shadow and sun;  
The warp, glory and gloom.  
Spinning, spinning, spinning—  
Look how the shuttles run."

—the Heinesque "King Death," the delicately-wrought, finely-reserved lyric, "No Saint," to specify three or four only of the author's most successful pieces, prove that he is at least of those who tread Parnassus-grass, if not yet among the small company of the elect who fare across the thymy uplands.

WILLIAM SHARP.

*Education from a National Standpoint.* By Alfred Fouillée. Translated and edited by W. J. Greenstreet. (Edward Arnold.)

THIS is an unusually stirring educational work. It is the French reply to the more or less accepted manifesto of scientific education, written by Mr. Herbert Spencer thirty years ago. Mr. Spencer asked: "What knowledge is of most worth?" and answered: "The uniform reply is—Science." Again, he said:

"To science has been committed all the work; by her skill, intelligence, and devotion have all the conveniences and gratifications been obtained; and while carelessly ministering to the rest, she has been kept in the background that her haughty sisters might flaunt their fripperies in the eyes of the world."

County councils, technical institutes, chambers of commerce, *et id genus omne*, no doubt acquiesce in the "uniform reply," of which Mr. Spencer speaks with perhaps undue confidence. The passage I have quoted, however, shows that Mr. Spencer himself thinks that once in a way a little attention to rhetoric is not a bad thing.

Mr. Herbert Spencer is an intellectual giant, and, moreover, his fervid advocacy of science has been borne forward on the crest of the wave of English Utilitarianism. His book, therefore, entitled *Education: Intellectual, Moral, Physical*, has almost come to be regarded as the English utterance on the subject. It is radical pedagogy. It appeals to the democracy. It comes not from academic groves. It sniffs of common sense. It is English—to the core.

In view of the approaching organisation of secondary education in England, it is of vital importance not to be lame or halting in our choice of Spencer or Fouillée. It is easy to say with Mr. Spencer: "For that indirect self-preservation which we call gaining a livelihood, the knowledge of greatest value is—science." This point the people clearly—too clearly—appreciate, and the democracy may soon have in their hands the control of secondary education. We must, therefore, not only ask if "science" is the uniform reply to the question, What knowledge is of most worth? but also, Is science also the final, all-comprehensive, or even the most important knowledge to acquire?

Let us open once more our Aristotle. He declared the object of life to be not merely to live, but to live well. Let us distinguish between "earning livelihoods" and "living well." The former is a personal matter for each one of us to settle for himself. The idea of "living well" is very complex, involving social as well as personal factors. It depends upon a knowledge of our individual, national, racial, and human antecedents, and the social circumstances by which we are surrounded, by the views we take of the past, and the hopes and the ideals we cherish for the future. Now, as to the multitudinous details of ideas and facts which make up our knowledge of these conditions and circumstances, and the suggestions which enable us to act consciously and reasonably within them, the natural sciences give us absolutely no help.

I have seen no book which deals so admirably with this aspect of life and the necessity of educating the young to a recognition of its importance as this of M. Fouillée. He shows with great emphasis how indispensable is a due and constant appreciation throughout education of the principle of historic continuity of our present to our past, the knowledge of our present social environment, and the encouragement of distinctly human ideals of our future. All these, he contends, point to the humanities as the form and substance of education, not because they are of most practical worth, but because a knowledge of these is the essential prerequisite to living well as individuals and as nations. In the highest sense,

"We live by admiration, hope, and love."

These necessities of life involve the study of literature and of history.



M. Fouillée, then, maintains that the chief material of education must be human. The Humanities take with him the place assigned by Mr. Spencer to science. Instead of training children for their future occupations, M. Fouillée contends that the very meaning at any rate of a liberal education is that it should be "disinterested." "Our first aim," he says, "is to make men, and men endowed with great social virtues, not to turn out ready-made engineers, mechanics, doctors, or apothecaries." M. Fouillée admits, or rather maintains, that his ideal, while theoretically valid, is practically too vague for, say, school purposes. The school-master cannot build boys into cosmopolitan beings, men in the abstract. He insists, however, that the idea of organic solidarity on a scale smaller than that of humanity—viz., the solidarity of the nation, must permeate and transfigure any truly national system of education. He points out with overwhelming accumulation of eloquence and fact that each nation has its own instinct, genius, and mission to humanity. The educational problem, therefore, of each country is how best to infuse its national consciousness, as made clear in its previous experiences both of thought (in literature) and of action (in history), into the teaching of its secondary schools. We must study literature, conscious that the master-minds translate the aspiration of their age and country into ideas. When the poet "was not of an age, but for all time," well, study him the more! Thought and action must be studied throughout our national ancestry to take up present-day life and work in the line of continuity. "Education," to quote again, "is not an apprenticeship to a trade: it is the culture of moral and intellectual forces in the individual, and in the race."

This insistence on the "disinterestedness" of education should give English readers pause. M. Fouillée further suggests, what has been little considered in England, that in the raising of the standard and aims of the education of the masses, we should pay especial attention to those who are receiving the highest and best education. Accordingly, M. Fouillée gives chief thought to a consideration of the higher or "ruling" classes. Plato cared most for the education of the philosopher-kings; many writers have written on the education of princes and of gentlemen. M. Fouillée evidently inclines to follow these leaders. It is to be regretted that he does not develop this position at more length, but its evident underlying principle is that the best ideas in education filter downwards, but rarely or never mount upwards.

What, then, is the mental food best fitted to the digestion of the best youths of a country? M. Fouillée answers, with as much confidence as Mr. Spencer—but quite differently—the Humanities. They lead the pupil outside his own selfish interests to the wider interests of the race of which he is a member. They take him a distance away from his own age, to reveal the powers or qualities of the Alexanders, the Pericles, the Caesars, the Virgils, the Dantes, the Francis-of-Assisis, the Shaksperes,

and the rest of the great souls. These stand before him for his judgment. The judgment framed, they become his leaders. The pupil finds standards and aims, which become independent of place and time, and which tend to establish themselves upon the essence of things rather than on accidents of locality. Above all, the Humanities, besides giving material for knowledge, exercise the soul in enthusiasm for the morally good, for the true, and for the beautiful. M. Fouillée, in short, urges, in his own way, that "it takes a soul to move a body," and that the soul is particularly worth training.

It must be understood that, so far from condemning science teaching, M. Fouillée emphatically advocates it. He especially wishes the connexion between the sciences and a general survey of their provinces to be taught. His greatest wish in the teaching of science is that the humanistic spirit should be infused into it.

"Scientific truths," said Descartes, "are battles won: describe to the young the principal and most heroic of these battles; you will thus interest them in the results of science, and you will develop in them a scientific spirit by means of the enthusiasm for the conquest of truth."

Fouillée's own enthusiasm is great at all times, but it is when he discusses the classical humanities that it reaches its climax. It is here, too, he comes full tilt against Mr. Spencer, who, readers will remember, relegates such studies as art, music, the classics to the "leisure part of life." M. Fouillée warmly replies:

"The object of literary culture is not to enable you to read Horace and Virgil in your idle moments, but to transform and beautify your inner nature; its object is to take you along the path which has been trodden by past generations, by your own country, and which other nations in their turn will tread. After that, whether you do or do not read Virgil is of little import; even in bridge-building there will still remain a sense of elegance and beauty, which should not be neglected from the utilitarian, the moral, or the national points of view."

M. Fouillée, of course, makes out a strong case for the retention of the classics (particularly Latin) in the higher schools of France. The classics are an inherited treasury, the heirlooms of thought, so to say, of the French boy; and he would be deprived, so M. Fouillée is concerned to show, of his birthright, if he had no share in them. Any proposal to dispense with Latin, he points out, would be revolution, not evolution. M. Fouillée is very clever in using the evolutionary hypothesis in developing his views. It is curious to find evolution brought into the controversy to support the teaching of the classics. This doctrine is usually supposed to be the special property of the scientists. M. Fouillée, however, with sly glee, rubs his hands and impels evolution into his service. His use of the doctrine is certainly interesting and suggestive.

M. Fouillée, like Mr. Herbert Spencer, is a controversialist, ready for fight. He is, however, carefully constructive with his materials. He is enthusiastically literary in style and spirit. He is more than a doctrinaire. Over and above its pedagogic

and literary characteristics, this book has an added significance from the fact pointed out by the English editor, Mr. Greenstreet (to whom thanks are due for his clear though French-echoing translation), that the Italian Government, making changes in their secondary education have practically followed the principles of M. Fouillée.

I have said that Mr. Spencer's book is distinctly English. Just as pronouncedly is M. Fouillée's book French. In our technical manufactures we have been obliged to allow the superiority of the French in the delicacy of the finish of their work, in the taste of their designs, in their readiness to raise their standards of art, and to improve the training of those taking part in technical pursuits. There is a corresponding national superiority in M. Fouillée as a writer on education. Whatever view we may take of the relative importance of the classics and science (how can we differ as to the necessity of the Humanities as the basis of the education of human beings?), we have much to learn from the French artistic handling of the subject of education.

A last word: if the new French revival of humanism in education is apt occasionally to overflow to sentimentalism, yet its spirit is as life-giving for England as for France.

FOSTER WATSON.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*Born in Exile.* By George Gissing. In 3 vols. (A. & C. Black.)

*A Queen of Curds and Cream.* By Dorothea Gerard. In 3 vols. (Eden, Remington & Co.)

*The Fate of Fenella.* By Twenty-four Authors. In 3 vols. (Hutchinson.)

*A Tiger's Cub.* By Eden Phillpotts. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

*Catmur's Caves.* By Richard Dowling. (A. & C. Black.)

*Rex, the Black Sheep.* By M. E. Hall. (Digby, Long & Co.)

*Legend and Romance.* By George Motley. (Digby, Long & Co.)

*Through Deep Waters.* By B. Walsh. (Trischler.)

*In and about Bohemia.* By C. J. Wills. (Griffith, Farran & Co.)

INTELLECTUAL scepticism has had a fairly good turn in the novels of the present generation, and, whether the effect be for good or harm, fiction has done its best to justify the attitude of doubt. Hitherto, however, the religious sceptic has been presented in a suitably heroic guise. We have seen him throw off one by one, with firmness if with reluctance, the fetters of his early training, and emancipate himself from fond errors to which he was too brave and true still to cling. His courage has involved him in many difficulties, and in painful personal separations, but in no modern novel until now—so far as my observation goes—has the doubter paltered with his doubts or compromised matters with his conscience. Yet it is certain that there are many sceptics who outwardly conform to the beliefs of the multitude, and it is this side

of the problem of intellectual doubt that Mr. George Gissing gives us in *Born in Exile*. The case he describes is an extreme one. It is not that of a man who holds his doubts so lightly that he continues from force of habit to act as though he had none. Mr. Gissing's Godwin Peak is a student, whose scepticism is well-reasoned and aggressive. The ungenial conditions of his life fostered, to begin with, a temperament naturally unsympathetic, and his intellect avenged itself upon easy-going humanity by upsetting its beliefs. But ambition was a strong element in Peak's character, and this in its turn was fostered by the passion of love. Far above him in the social scale, far removed from him, as he supposed, in intellectual sympathy, was the girl he wished to marry. It seemed to him that the only way to win her was to join the Church, and take holy orders. The reader will wonder how this was to be done without an absolute recantation of his heterodoxy; but that would have been too commonplace an expedient for a man of Peak's mental resource. He preferred to try instead the more hazardous expedient of a double life, intellectual and moral; indeed, the casuistical attractions of such a choice made it almost welcome to him. One must not disclose the lines of the story; but it goes without saying that honest human nature will rebel against intellectual deceit as much as against any other. The story is almost necessarily a melancholy one, but it is singularly able; and those readers who do not at an early stage give it up as dull will gratefully admit that it is brilliant. The cleverness of the book is attested by the fact that Godwin Peak neither forfeits the reader's sympathy nor wins his admiration. We take him for what he is; and though the whole result is unsatisfactory, it includes much that is worth having. There are many passages in the novel that would bear quotation. Here is one, which will serve the double purpose of indicating the intellectual quality of Peak's mind—for he is the speaker—and of Mr. Gissing's style:

"I can't pretend to care for anything but individuals. The few whom I know and love are of more importance to me than all the blind multitude rushing to destruction. I hate the word *majority*; it is the few, the very few, that have always kept alive whatever of effectual good we see in the human race. There are individuals who outweigh, in every kind of value, generations of ordinary people."

One almost knows by this time what to expect in a novel by the brilliant author of *Lady Baby*. Not that she repeats herself in the least; but her knowledge of Continental and English life is so wide and intimate that it may be taken for granted of any book of hers that it will give us much that is cosmopolitan in interest, though intensely human, whatever its nationality. For charm of plot and vivid presentation of character, *A Queen of Curds and Cream* deserves to rank with the best of its predecessors. Its pictures of Austrian life, and especially of the small world of Austrian nobility, are so able that one does not doubt their absolute truth. Ulrica Eldringen's English connexions give an English side also to the story, and not the least interesting part of

it is that which consists of a bold plunge into English society. To Ulrica, who by birth is a countess, and by choice takes to dairy-farming for a livelihood, must be allowed those potentialities which bridge the possible and the impossible. Everything turns out for her as it should do, notwithstanding that her decisions are sometimes extraordinary. If women of her type are rare, for great beauty and strong character do not often go together, a novelist who gives us so desirable a combination is the rather to be applauded. The other characters in the story are obviously true to life, and the developments of the plot are admirable; but Ulrica herself is the fascinating centre of interest.

A novel in four-and-twenty chapters by as many different writers, between whom there had been no common understanding as to the characters to be introduced or the plot to be developed, could not fail to be an amusing experiment, though nothing greater could be expected from it. *The Fate of Fenella* is an ingenious success. That young lady is started upon her career by Miss Helen Mathers, who suggests so much of her character as is to be gathered from one view of her, conveyed in a few pages of incidental description; and then each of the other three-and-twenty writers takes up the parable and continues it at his or her own sweet will. Perhaps one ought to be amazed as well as amused at the continuity of interest which is preserved under such conditions, but the effect is rather to show the ease of mere story-telling, than to suggest the skilful management of a difficulty. The several writers make the fullest use of their freedom, with the result that nearly every chapter has some startling incident of its own; but one suspects that none of them would like to stake a literary reputation upon any one of the contributions to this curious mosaic. Regarded, however, for what it is—a playful and ingenious experiment—it is entertaining and clever. The illustrations greatly add to the interest.

A story with the title of *A Tiger's Cub* would be disappointing if it were not sensational. In this particular story there is no lack of that quality. It comes out both in the characters and in the incidents, and the writer's style is also well suited to it. As for the characters, one of them is an old man who has amassed a fortune by means which it is hinted were not too scrupulous, and has also possessed himself of an immense collection of precious stones. Here of itself is a central incident around which a blood-curdling plot readily gathers. Old Simon Myrtlerig, in order of time at any rate, is the first villain of the piece; but he is in turn the victim of other villains, whose diabolical contrivances are as ingenious as they are base. All these things belong to the grim foreground of the story. Less prominent in it, but essential to the artistic completeness which it may perhaps be said to possess, are people of a milder sort, and events which it is pleasant to follow. It is not a story that will appeal to every taste, but of its kind it is a superior specimen.

Mr. Richard Dowling never writes badly, and his *Catmur's Caves* is brilliant after a

fashion, but the gruesomeness in it is somewhat overdone. One feels, too, that nobody in the story gets that poetic justice which ought never to go awry in novels, though it occasionally does in actual life. Catmur is a showman, part of whose paraphernalia is a collection of wild beasts, while a beautiful girl, who passes for a clairvoyante, is another of the attractions of his show. The girl has a history, of course, and if Mr. Dowling had not perversely willed otherwise she would have been restored to her friends. But he marries her to a black lion-tamer, and Catmur and another rascal are allowed to go unpunished. One is bound to protest against such an arbitrary disregard of the claims of justice.

The familiar ne'er-do-well is the hero of *Rex, the Black Sheep*. Here, however, he possesses more redeeming qualities than are usually found in members of his unlucky class. His misfortunes are not crimes, and even his crimes have some fancied point of honour about them. But the story has hardly breadth enough. Its chief interest is supplied by some pictures of child-life. It is refreshing to hear of a boy whose highest ambition was to be a scissors-grinder; and not the least interesting of the characters is Muriel's doll.

A family legend re-enacted three hundred years after date forms the story of *Legend and Romance*. But whatever romance may have been associated with the origin of the legend, there is not much in the modern reproduction of it. Nevertheless, Mr. Motley contrives to tell an interesting story, into which he introduces sundry courtships, five marriages, a few convenient deaths, a broken leg, and a railway accident. No one is likely to complain of a want of incident, but somehow the aroma which one can imagine in the old legend does not come out very forcibly in the new form of it.

"Deep waters" in all conscience, one is inclined to exclaim after having read Mr. Walsh's book. A murder, a bigamous marriage, a suicide, a false imprisonment, a wife flying from her husband—these are the events which give fitness to the phrase, *Through Deep Waters*, by which he names it. But when these troubles are left behind, what remains of the story is like the sunshine that comes after a storm. The ultimate happiness of wife and husband was to themselves a boon worth much suffering in the winning, and to the reader is a consolation for the strain on his own sympathies.

"Bohemia" is a strange and sacred region whereof it is pleasant to hear, though some of its denizens are people whom it would be a little awkward to know. For those who are content to learn something about the people and the place without actually making acquaintance with them, we know no better guide than Mr. C. J. Wills's *In and about Bohemia*. Brighter stories than the forty and one bound together in this comely volume it would be difficult to find.

GEORGE COTTERELL.



## CURRENT LITERATURE.

MR. MALCOLM SALAMAN, in *Woman through a Man's Eyeglass* (Heinemann), shows himself in another than the familiar light of a genial critic of pictorial art, and an outspoken and instructed judge of theatrical things. In a series of analytical essays on women's character, he proves even to the "general reader" the presence of that imagination without which no good criticism exists, and he displays the old and admitted penetration which has long been recognised in his dramatic critiques. But, to boot, Mr. Salaman displays, in the present agreeable volume, a tenderness and sensibility with which the public may not heretofore have credited him; and able, as the latest essay in the volume shows him to be, to write upon the *fin de siècle* woman, he yet has what we can scarcely call a sneaking kindness—for it is indeed so plainly avowed—for the woman whom the manners of the end of the epoch have not visibly affected. Dedicated to a member of his own domestic circle, the book shows throughout much appreciation of domestic sentiment; and if tolerant of the realistic lady-novelist, or of the modern "smart person," he is kindest, really, to the "domestic" woman: it is evident that he respects the wife of his Doctor Heathside more than his Lady Gladys Parchment, or even his charming Mrs. Mayfair Smartly. Still, let it be admitted, his sympathies are wide, his tastes comprehensive. The future of his *fin de siècle* woman is what he cannot quite cheerfully look forward to. Will she, he asks, always remain "emancipated"? Or, as years pass, "will the humanity that is in her cry out for something more tangible than the showy make-believe of her present life"? And, with regard to this problem, the "larger hope" is the one that he would fain trust. Though this is Mr. Salaman's sentiment, he is, throughout the bulk of the volume, amusing rather than grave, and observant rather than didactic. The value of Mr. Dudley Hardy's little illustrations, which accompany Mr. Salaman's imaginative essays, is very various. Some are merely blotchy and mannered; others, like the pretty suggestion of Mrs. Mayfair Smartly driving with her dog in the Park, have an elegance and charm that is better than mere ease of the inevitable *modernité*. Whatever may be thought of the illustrations, the book, it is quite certain, will be widely read and liked.

*Devonshire Idylls*. By H. C. O'Neill. (David Stutt.) This little paper-covered quarto of some 130 pages happened to reach us on the very same day as two Devonshire Glossaries, and it must be confessed that some such help is occasionally required to interpret the conversations. But those who are familiar with the broad Doric of the West Country (as the present writer was in his boyhood) will be the first to acknowledge the general faithfulness of our author to local language and to local custom. The scene of all these stories is laid some forty years in the past, when North Devon was still one of the most remote corners of England. They deserve their name of "idylls"—for so we prefer to spell the word, with Tennyson—as each presenting an episode of village life, told with a simplicity that is the highest art. We could ourselves have desired a little less moralising, and a little more description of scenery; but this apart, we have nothing but praise to give to Miss (?) H. C. O'Neill. She really knows the country folk—their daily toil, their anxieties, their contentment, their loyalty to one another, their respectful confidence in their superiors—the qualities which Wordsworth has expressed in verse and Thomas Hardy in prose. Like the latter, she excels in dialogue, though she does not overstrain the limits of rustic humour. Finally, in the last

and best story of the series, "The True Love of Barnabas Butter and Betty Kick," she gives a vivid description of "the crying of the neck," which we commend to the notice of folklorists. Devonshire has no lack of native authors, but it has been left for an adopted daughter to do for the county what Miss Edgeworth did for the peasantry of Ireland.

*An Old Parson's Anecdotes and Tales*. By the Rev. W. E. Heygate. (Masters.) In spite of the author's assurance that "this is not a book of sermons," the little volume under review is nothing if not a collection of short and pleasantly written homilies. The Rector of Brightstone, in the Isle of Wight, has naturally a good deal to say about the lifeboat, and he is old enough to remember smuggling. Having known the smuggler intimately, he does not give him a good character. He lacks "the honesty and openness which are necessary not only in a Christian but in a man." Writing (apparently) of his present parish in the old days, Canon Heygate tells us—

"The whole coast was full of smuggling, time out of mind. Every break in the cliff, every bridge, copse, and ditch knew how to conceal contraband goods. There are two hollow trees close to my house, one of them in the hedge of my own garden, which concealed kegs of brandy. The children were taught to say 'I don't know,' when asked where their father was. There was a net-work of concealment and secret combination. Brandy was hidden in my own cow-shed, unknown to me until afterwards."

In spite of this roaring trade, only two of his parishioners were "known to have made money" out of it. Smuggling, like gambling, brought vices in its train, which soon made its profits disappear. One of these successful smugglers was an old man, who used to groom the mare of Dick Turpin. The famous highwayman was a liberal master, as he always gave him a guinea for his trouble. This old man made £1,500 by his share in the smuggling trade. With this he bought a butcher's business, lost all his money, and died almost as a pauper in a parish where the author was curate. We have said enough to show that the Canon's reminiscences are not devoid of point or interest.

*An Enchanted Garden*. By Mrs. Molesworth. (Fisher Unwin.) It is not everybody who is so fortunate as Rafe and Alix. Enchanted gardens are scarce nowadays, and we do not remember to have seen or heard of one quite like that of Ladywood Hall, with its little old fairy caretaker, who gave them strawberries and cream and told them stories. Very nice stories they were, and with such excellent morals that it would seem as if Christianity had spread among the fairies. The story of the three wishes is indeed quite different from that which delighted our childhood. But some of the stories are told by birds. We all know how, when we were children, a little bird used to tell our mothers and aunts and nurses things, and not always very pleasant things. In those days birds were "tell-tale-tits," but a change has come over them now, and you will be quite astonished to learn how many good thoughts are put into our heads by robins when we are asleep. More than this we dare not say, lest we should be accused of being tell-tales ourselves. But the names of the other stories will do no harm to anyone. They are the Summer Princess, the Christmas Surprise, and the Magic Rose; and the last of these stories is perhaps the prettiest, which is saying a good deal.

*The Fig and the Idler*. By Alphonse Daudet. (Fisher Unwin.) Among the many shilling books of this or any other season, it would be difficult to find one better worth the money than the delightfully got-up English edition of

"The Fig and the Idler," and three other well-translated little stories by M. Alphonse Daudet. They are printed on thick ivory paper, with wide margins, and have the delicate illustrations by Montégut. Naturally, these are from well-used plates, but it is wonderful how little they have suffered. However disappointed one may be with some of M. Daudet's recent work, there can be nothing but hearty praise for the Algerian legend which gives its name to this charming booklet, and for its three companion tales, "My First Dress Coat," "The Three Low Masses," and "The New Master."

*In the Fire, and Other Fancies*. By Effie Johnson. (Elkin Matthews.) The authoress was ill-advised to publish this little volume of stories. She had done better to take the very obvious hint suggested by her title. They are feeble echoes of Mrs. Gatty's *Parables from Nature*, without either her spiritual charm or her lightness of touch. The imagination is thin, the style crude with a tendency to bathos, the humour appalling, and the moralising trite. And they betray an ignorance of natural history of which Mrs. Gatty could never have been guilty. The male cuckoo, for instance, does not habitually sit on the nest and eggs of the thrush. The authoress is probably young, and will some day regret her first attempt. Meanwhile, Mr. Walter Crane has designed her a very graceful frontispiece.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

WITH reference to the official statement concerning the pension of Miss Amelia B. Edwards—that it was granted "in recognition of her services to literature and archaeology, and in consideration of her inadequate means of support"—we have authority for saying that the plea of poverty was not made by Miss Edwards, and that she never knew of its having been made on her behalf by others. When she accepted the pension—which she did with much gratification—she had no reason to suppose that the distinction was conferred upon her on any other ground than for her studies in Egyptology. If she had heard of the other consideration, she would certainly have refused the pension altogether, both on principle and as a matter of personal feeling. It is true, she was not rich; but she had sufficient for her modest wants. The only pecuniary anxiety that ever troubled her was lest she should be unable to keep her capital intact for the foundation of the professorship of Egyptology, upon which she had set her heart. As a matter of fact, this capital was considerably augmented, from an extraneous source, only a month or two before her death.

MR. JOHN MURRAY announces a welcome reprint of the very scarce first edition of Bates's *Naturalist on the Amazons*. This will be prefaced with a memoir of the author by his friend, Mr. Edward Clodd, in which some hitherto unpublished letters from Darwin and Wallace will be included, and also a correspondence between Bates and Dr. (now Sir) Joseph Hooker on the influence of external conditions upon organisms, a subject to which Dr. Weismann's recent essays give special interest.

WE hear that Ferdinand Gregorovius has left a volume of "Römische Tagebücher," embracing the period from 1852-74, and giving, besides personal and biographical reminiscences, many interesting details of the events connected with the regeneration of Italy. These "Tagebücher" are being edited by Prof. Althaus, and will be published early in the autumn by the Cotta'sche Buchhandlung, the publishers of Gregorovius' *Geschichte Rom's im Mittelalter*.

THE Scottish Library Club is about to issue to its members a new edition of *The True History of Several Honourable Families of the Right Hon. name of Scot*, by Captain Walter Scot, of Satchells, from the original Edinburgh quarto of 1688. This curious book, partly in prose, partly in doggerel verse, is now scarce, though it was reprinted at Edinburgh in 1776, and at Hawick in 1786.

A BOOK by Mr. Clement Scott, entitled *Over the Hills and Far Away*, will be published immediately by Messrs. Eglington & Co.

MESSRS. DIGBY, LONG & Co. will publish in a few days Mr. R. Menzies Fergusson's new book entitled *Our Trip North*, with full-page illustrations by Messrs. J. D. Adam and T. A. Brown.

MESSRS. FREDERICK WARNE & Co. will shortly publish, in their one-volume novel series, a story by Miss J. C. Emslie, entitled *His Life's Magnet*, the plot of which is laid in a rustic village beneath the shadow of the South Downs.

THE August number of the *Century* magazine will contain an article entitled "Shelley's Work," illustrated with a full-page portrait of the poet; and also a profusely illustrated paper, by Mr. W. E. Norris, on "The Apotheosis of Golf."

MR. MACKENZIE BELL will contribute a poem entitled "The Lame Boy in the Woods" to an early number of the *Author*.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. have arranged to issue a popular reprint in monthly parts of their illustrated quarto edition of Bunyan's *Works*. The first part will be published on July 26.

THE expediency of forming a bibliographical society in England was discussed on Friday last at a meeting held, by invitation of the Library Association, at 20, Hanover-square. Mr. R. C. Christie, chancellor of the diocese of Manchester, was voted to the chair. Among those present were Lord Charles Bruce, Mr. Henry B. Wheatley, Mr. J. W. Bone, Mr. Hyde Clarke, Mr. Isambard Brunel, Mr. W. A. Copinger, Mr. Reginald S. Faber, Mr. Talbot Baines Reed, Mr. Parkes, and Mr. John Leighton. Mr. Copinger moved the following resolution:—

"That this meeting is of opinion that a society should be established, to be called the Bibliographical Society; that the object of this society be (a) the acquisition of information on subjects connected with bibliography; (b) the promotion and encouragement of bibliographical researches; (c) the collection and publication of works connected with bibliography."

The project, he said, was one of no little importance and interest. Last year he read a paper on the subject before the Library Association at Nottingham, and since then had received many letters asking him to take measures for giving effect to his views. During the last few years no branch of literature had increased so rapidly in comparison with its increase in previous years as bibliography. The love of reading was gradually extending throughout the country, and a universal catalogue of English literature became more and more desirable. Such a work might well be based on the printed catalogue of the British Museum—an undertaking which, he believed, would be completed in seven or eight years—and might be carried out on the plan of Dr. Murray's Dictionary. No one person could accomplish so heavy a task, so that co-operation was absolutely necessary. Many workers covered the same ground, simply in consequence of not knowing what others were doing. It was remarkable how far this country had fallen behind other countries in reference to bibliography. The society should be estab-

lished on a broad and inclusive foundation, and its several spheres of labour might be delegated to separate committees. Between seventy and eighty gentlemen had already expressed their willingness to join the society as soon as it came into existence. Mr. Wheatley seconded the resolution, remarking that he fully agreed with what Mr. Copinger had said. Several others spoke in support of the resolution, which was carried unanimously. On the motion of Mr. Faber, it was decided that the subscription should be one guinea a year, and a committee was appointed to consider the scheme on which the society should be based.

BESIDES the Variorum Apocrypha, edited by the Rev. C. J. Ball—which we hope to notice hereafter at length—Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode have now issued their Variorum Reference Bible, including the Apocrypha, bound up in one volume. Quite apart from the value of the readings and renderings here given, and the other expository matter, this edition deserves to meet with support, if only on the ground that it is continually becoming more difficult to find a Bible that contains the Apocrypha. It is printed in good type on thin paper, so as not to be too cumbersome, and is very handsomely bound.

IN the last *Bulletin* of the Société des Sciences et Arts de Bayonne (Deuxième Trimestre, 1892) M. E. Ducéré begins a "Histoire de la Marine Militaire de Bayonne." This was somewhat neglected in the *Etudes Historiques sur la Ville de Bayonne*, by MM. Balasque and Dulaurens. The work has been long in preparation, and will touch on many points of English history.

#### UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

LORD HANNEN and Prof. Rücker have been nominated by the Crown to the two vacant places on the senate of the London University.

WE observe that three ladies—two of whom were at one time mistresses at the Kensington High School—have passed the recent examination in classics for M.A. at the London University.

PROF. RAMSAY, in his report as dean of the faculty of science in University College, London, enumerates a list of eighty-four publications, containing researches by professors, assistants, students, and former students who are still at work in the college. This record, he contends, equals, if it does not surpass, that of any other university in the kingdom.

THE committee of the Aubrey Moore Memorial Fund report that the amount collected was £955. Of this sum 120 guineas has been paid to Mr. C. W. Furse for a portrait to hang in the hall of Keble College. The balance has been transferred to trustees in order to form a studentship, open to Oxford graduates who are members of the Church of England, "to continue the study of theology or to carry out some definite work in connexion with theology." The value of the studentship is £20 a term; and if this amount is continued, the money at present subscribed will last about twenty years. The Rev. L. Ragg, the first holder of the studentship, devoted himself to the study of Origen's *De Principiis*; and Mr. E. M. De La Hay, the present holder, is working at the writings of Gregory of Nyssa.

THE Therese Montefiore memorial prize, given yearly to a student of Girton College who, among other conditions, shall have obtained a first class in one of the triposes of the University of Cambridge, has been conferred on Miss Edith Emily Read. Miss Read took a place equal to that of 26th wrangler in Part I. of the Mathematical Tripos, 1891, and has

this year been placed in the First Class of Part I. of the Moral Sciences Tripos. She is at present engaged in work connected with the Labour Commission. The prize was instituted in 1891 by Mr. Claude G. Montefiore in memory of his late wife, a former student of the College. It consists of the annual interest of £1700, amounting on this occasion to the sum of £64 13s.

THE University Court at Glasgow has accepted a proposal from the council of Queen Margaret College, by which the grounds and buildings of the college, together with an endowment of £15,260, will be transferred to the university, for the separate instruction of women students.

PACHAIYAPPA's College at Madras will this year celebrate its jubilee. The name and great part of the endowments are derived from a native banker, who died towards the end of the last century. But the present institution dates from 1842, when an educational trust was constituted under a decree of the supreme court. Beginning with a free school for the teaching of the elementary branches of the English languages and science, it has grown into a college which prepares for the higher degrees of the Madras university, together with a very successful commercial department. Though it employs four English professors, it is managed entirely by Hindus, and claims to be the great national centre of Hindu culture in Southern India. To commemorate its jubilee, an appeal is made for funds to provide additional instruction in mathematics, physics, chemistry, and biology.

AT the Harvard Commencement, the hon. degree of LL.D. was conferred upon Mr. Richard M. Hunt, the architect of the World's Fair at Chicago; and the hon. degree of M.A. upon Mr. Silvester R. Koehler, the curator of prints and engravings at the Boston Art Museum, whose admirable catalogues of special collections have more than once been noticed in the ACADEMY.

#### ORIGINAL VERSE.

##### NATURE'S LABORATORY.

###### I.

DEEM not the sky a mist the sun surrounding,  
Deem not the sun a servile orb ablaze,  
Behold the soul the blue, the golden bounding,  
Radiant among their heaven-sustaining rays.  
Yet all are masks of adamant that hide  
The undivulged of Nature and her fate,  
Whose spring scarce dares she to herself confide,  
Self-sworn to secrecy inviolate.  
Black night as fuel fed her first-born fires,  
Whence turns she not love's lowly source  
abhorring;  
Although the glowworm's passion still aspires,  
She frames the angelic face for man's adoring.  
No single part is hers, with smiling grace  
She holds the universe in one embrace.

###### II.

The twilight orbs whose dream 'twas hers to render,  
Like unheard thoughts are on the blue reclining.  
Gaze on them once, or on her daily splendour,  
The homely sun with love domestic shining!  
But where those blessed constellations find  
That can compare, in her divine intent,  
With the beloved faces of mankind;  
To our lone hearts a lower firmament!  
So is reality's romance unshaken,  
Even though it bear the semblance of a dream,  
And she the uncontested prize has taken  
Who bade the heavens with human beauty team.  
In the pale glowworm did her love begin:  
The soul her idol now, her last of kin.

THOS. GORDON HAKE.



## MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE June number of *Folklore* (David Nutt) opens with an article on "The Sin-eater," by Mr. E. Sidney Hartland, who boldly contends that the partaking of food that has been placed near the coffin "can only be a relic of a savage feast where the meat consumed was the very body of the deceased kinsman." Dr. Alexander Tille shows how very modern is the cult of the Christmas-tree, even in Germany; the oldest record of it is at Strassburg, in 1604, though the legend about the blossoming of trees on Christmas-night can be traced back to the early part of the fifteenth century. The Rev. James Sibree contributes a learned account of divination among the Malagasy, together with native ideas as to fate and destiny, mainly based upon the inquiries of a Norwegian missionary in Madagascar, the Rev. Lars Dahle. Next follows a very entertaining paper on the Pied Piper of Hamelin, by Mrs. Eliza Gutch, who has not only visited the place, but seems to have exhausted the literature of the subject; she pleads hard in favour of some historical basis for the legend. Finally, we have the beginning of a discussion, which sounds promising, of "first-foot"; that is to say, the importance attached to the sex or complexion of the first person who enters the house on New Year's Day. The editor will be glad to receive further communications on the subject.

We are glad to find that the *Library*, which is now to be obtained only at the office of the Library Association, in Hanover-square, is steadily making up its arrears. The June number contains an article, which we should not have looked for in this place, by Mr. Herbert Vivian, criticising Mr. Froude's picture of Catherine of Aragon from contemporary documents in the archives at Venice. There is also here printed a paper by Mr. F. B. Campbell, pleading for annual lists of state papers and annual reviews of state-papers, as being essential preliminaries to state-paper catalogues.

## SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

- AUVRAY, L. Les manuscrits de Dante des bibliothèques de France. Paris: Thorin. 6 fr.  
BOÉTIE, Etienne de la. Œuvres complètes de, p.p. Paul Bonneton. Paris: Rouan. 15 fr.  
CARTAGUT, AUG. Terras cultes antiques trouvées en Grèce et en Asie Mineure. Paris: Colin. 120 fr.  
CHAUBRAND, E. De Barcelonnette au Mexique. Paris: Plon. 4 fr.  
D'OSMOND, Comte. Les hommes des bois: épisodes et souvenirs. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 10 fr.  
DREYFUS, Ferd. L'Arbitrage international. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.  
DU CAMP, Maxime. Souvenirs littéraires. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr.  
FRESNAUX, M. L'Orient: les Osmanlis; Chrétiens des Balkans. Paris: Dentu. 3 fr. 50 c.  
GEFFROY, G. La Vie artistique. Paris: Dentu. 3 fr. 50 c.  
KRAUSE, B. R. Studie zur altgriechischen Vokalmusik in der griechischen u. lateinischen Kirche u. ihr Zusammenhang m. der altgriechischen Musik. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.  
MÉNÈS, Catulle. Le Soleil de Paris. Paris: Marpon. 3 fr. 50 c.  
MOIREAU, Aug. La Banque de France. Paris: Didier. 3 fr. 50 c.  
SERBANO, la Maréchale. Choses vraies. Paris: Nouvelle Revue. 3 fr. 50 c.

## THEOLOGY.

- VOELTER, D. Die Ignatianischen Briefe, auf ihren Ursprung untersucht. Tübingen: Heckenhauser. 3 M.  
WINKLER, H. Keilinschriftliches Textbuch zum Alten Testament. 2. Lfg. Leipzig: Pfeiffer. 3 M.  
ZAHN, Th. Geschichte d. neutestamentlichen Kanons. 2. Bd. Urkunden u. Belege zum 1. u. 3. Bd. 2. Hälfte. Leipzig: Deichert. 10 M. 50 Pf.  
BAPT, G. Souvenirs d'un Canonier de l'armée d'Espagne (1808-1814). Paris: Rouan. 20 fr.  
BASSET, René. Fastes chronologiques de la ville d'Oran pendant la période arabe (280-915 hégire). Paris: Leroux. 2 fr.  
BAYE, le Baron J. de. Le Cimetière wisigothique d'Herpes. Paris: Nilsson. 20 fr.  
CARDON, G. La Fondation de l'université de Douai. Paris: Alcan. 10 fr.

## HISTORY, ETC.

- CANTILLHAC, Emile. Monuments primitifs des Îles Baléares. Toulouse: Privat. 50 fr.  
CHAUVIN, Jeanne. Etude historique sur les professions accessibles aux femmes. Paris: Giard & Brière. 6 fr.  
FABRE, P. Etude sur le Liber censuum de l'église romaine. Paris: Thorin. 7 fr.  
FORSCHUNGEN zur brandenburgischen u. preussischen Geschichte. Hrg. v. R. Koser. 5. Bd. 1. Hälfte. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 6 M.  
FOURNIER, Marcel. Les Statuts et privilèges des universités françaises depuis leur fondation jusqu'en 1789. T. III. 1<sup>re</sup> Partie. Moyen Age. Paris: Larose. 50 fr.  
GENOLLE, H. G. Beiträge zur Rechtsgeschichte Bayerns. 3. Hft. Die Quellen d. Städtrechts v. Regensburg aus dem 13. u. 15. Jahrh. Leipzig: Deichert. 3 M. 50 Pf.  
GOTTLOR, A. Die päpstlichen Kreuzzugs-Steuer d. 13. Jahrh. Heiligenstadt: Cordier. 7 M.  
HAMBRO, J. Die französische Invasion in Kärnten im J. 1809. 3. Thl. 1. Folge. Klagenfurt: v. Kleinmayr. 1 M.  
KOHLE, H. Fürst Bismarck-Begesten u. s. w. 2. Bd. 1871-1890. Leipzig: Reuter. 22 M.  
KRETSCHMAR, J. Die Invasionsprojekte der katholischen Mächte gegen England zur Zeit Elisabeths. Mit Akten aus dem vatikan. Archiv. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 4 M. 20 Pf.  
L'HUILLIER, A. Saint Thomas de Cantorbéry. Paris: Palmé. 10 fr.  
LIBER PONTIFICALIS: texte, introduction et commentaire par L. Duchesne. 7<sup>e</sup> et dernier Fasc. Paris: Thorin. 7 fr. 50 c.  
PIVARD, Ernest. Mon Journal. T. 2. Paris: Dentu. 3 fr. 50 c.  
PITON, C. Les Lombards en France et à Paris. Paris: Champion. 8 fr.  
REV. A. Les Cahiers de Saint-Prix et de la Subdélégation d'Enghien en 1789. Paris: Champion. 10 fr.  
SCHILLING, O. Das Reich Monomachia, sein erstes Bekanntwerden u. s. w. Leipzig: Fock. 2 M.  
THUASNE, L. Djem-Sultan, fils de Mohammed II, frère de Bayezid II. (1459-1485). Paris: Leroux. 10 fr.  
WITTE, L. Friedrich der Grosse u. die Jesuiten. Bremen: Müller. 2 M.

## PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BASTIAN, A. Ideale Welten nach uranographischen Provingen in Wort u. Bild. Ethnologische Zeit- u. Streitfragen, nach Gesichtspunkten der ind. Völkerkunde. Berlin: Felber. 45 M.  
BOURDOU, B. L'expression des émotions et des tendances dans le langage. Paris: Alcan. 7 fr. 50 c.  
REYER, E. Ursachen der Deformationen u. der Gebirgsbildung. Leipzig: Engelmann. 1 M. 80 Pf.  
VORCHTING, H. Ueb. Transplantation am Pflanzenkörper. Untersuchungen zur Physiologie u. Pathologie. Tübingen: Laupp. 20 M.

## PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- GODEFROY, F. Dictionnaire de l'ancienne langue française. 6<sup>e</sup> Livr. (Tant-Tinell). Paris: Bouillon. 5 fr.  
LEXICON sabbaticum, nunc primum ed. et apparatus critico instruct. A. Papadopoulos-Kerameus. St. Petersburg: Ricker. 3 M.  
SCHLICHTER, A. W. Die Somali-Sprache. 1. Thl. Berlin: Frühlich. 6 M.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## ON A MEDIAEVAL CRYPTOGRAM.

London: July 15, 1892.

The following letter was lately brought to my notice by Mr. Ingram Bywater. It was found about three years ago by the Danish savant, J. L. Heiberg, in the library of Bamberg, which contains MSS. from St. Gallen, Stablo, Jumièges, and Reichenau, all places in which Irish influences were exercised. It stands on the verso of fo. 106 of a tenth-century codex, containing also Boetius's Arithmetic and fragments of St. Jerome's epistles. The codex is marked H J IV, 11. The letter has been printed, with a Danish commentary, in the *Bulletin of the Royal Academy of Copenhagen* for October-December, 1889, pp. 199-201. Hence I take it, merely dividing it into paragraphs, spelling the proper names with initial capitals, and making the three corrections indicated in the footnotes.

"Hec est inscriptio, quam Dubtach in arce Mermin Britannorum regis demisit ad probandos Scottorum sapientes, se ipsum excellentissimum omnium Scottorum Brittonumque opifans, scilicet putans nullum Scottigenarum quanto magis Brittonum doctorum in presentia Mermin regis istam scripturam perlegere atque intelligere potuisse. Sed nos Caunchobrach, fergus et Dominach et Suadbar, opitulante Deo, illa scriptura non latuit, per annum Grecorum libellum atque alphabeti eandem inscriptionem inuestigantes.

ΒΕΙΘΘΕΓ. Ι. ΙΕΚΑ. Γ. ΔΑΓΓΗΓ. ΗΑΑΚΙΘΕΒ.

Istius scripture talis est sensus: Mermin rex Conchen salutem.

"Si ergo uolueris istam scripturam dinoscere, perspicaci mente prescriptam Grecorum annalis compoti seriem Latinasque sequentes literas post ipsa Greca elementa ordinatas animadvertito atque cognoscito, latinas literas subsequentes Grecis elementis predicentibus convenire, sicut in prescriptis lineis designavimus. Cum ergo Β Greca uidelicet literas in prefata Dubthachi scriptura aspiciendo uideris, respice Grecarum literarum seriem ante scriptam atque in illa serie Β Greca uidelicet elementa tuum uisum\* non latebunt; et quia XIImum eodem litere optinent locum, necesse est ut XIImum Latini alphabetum literam designent. Item quia ε in ipsa Greci calculi serie quintum possidet locum, recte scito † quintam Latini alphabeti ε literam esse designatam, Atque ita per cetera decurrens totum sensum ipsius uel similis descriptionis intelliges.

"Notum autem sit tuis prudentie, optime Colgu nosterque doctissime magister, quod non quasi tibi ignorantiam istam expositunculam transmittimus; sed suppliciter poscimus ut istam explanationem ignorantibus et simplicioribus nostris Scottigenis fratribus trans Britannicum mare nauigare uolentibus per tuam beniuolam caritatem insinues, ne forte in presentia Mermin gloriosi Britonum regis illam inscriptionem non intelligentes erubescant.

"Nos autem coram Deo testamur quod nec causa elationis aut tumide inflationis, quod absit; istam uobis transmittimus expositionem; sed istam latebram uestram sanctitatem latere fraterno amore non passi sumus."

"Omnes in Christo fratres gaudete ualete.

"ΗΚΑΔΒΑΖ. ΗΓΓΘ.ΕΗΘ.Θ. Ηic erras, Dubthache, in tuis notulis scribens H pro Θ uel pro ε uel pro aspirationis nota, que nec secundum Britannicam linguam in ipso termino bene sonat."

This letter is flanked by two columns: that on the right containing the Greek numerals from 1 to 900, that on the left the following key to twenty-three signs:

I α α	XIII ι Γ η
II β β	XIV ι Δ ο
III γ γ	XV ι Ε ρ
IV Δ δ	XVI ι ς q
V ε ε	XVII ι ζ ρ
VI ς ς	XVIII ι θ ρ
VII ζ ζ	XVIII ι θ t
VIII η η	XX K u
VIII θ θ	XXI Ka x
X ι k	XXII KB y
XI ι α l	XXIII ET z
XII β β	

These are followed by eight signs, which are unexplained:

KA, KE, Kγ, Kδ, KH, KΘ, A and Λα.

For want of the proper type, the Βαυ is here represented by ι.

Under the letter stand the following three lines:

ΓΑΓΔΗΑΓΘΚΗ ΗΘΓΑΚΑ ΒΔΓΔΑ ΓΓΘΒΔ ΓΔΓ  
ΗΓΓΘ.ΕΗΘ.Θ. ΗΘ.Θ.Β αΓΘ.Θ.Β.Θ.Θ.ΓΑ.Β  
Constat disiunctum quicquid stat lege solutum.

According to the key, the first and second of these lines are:

Nandharius sagax bono animo conscripserat istam arithmetica,

where Nandharius is a latinisation of the Teutonic name "Nandhari," of which nine variants are given by Förstemann, *Altdisches Namenbuch* i., col. 951. The scribe being a tenth-century Teuton, some of the Celtic names are naturally corrupt. These names, arranged alphabetically, are

Caunchobrach, the name of one of the four Irish monks who deciphered the cryptogram and wrote the letter from the court of King Mermin to their teacher, Colgu, in Ireland. "Caunchobrach" seems a corruption of Caim-

\* MS. uirum.

† MS. omits.

‡ MS. aut tumide quod inflationis absit.

§ According to the key, this is: Suadbar scripsit.

chomrac, a common name, of which the gen. sg. Canicomrihe (leg. Cāinchomric) occurs in a charter cited in the *Grammatica Celtica* xiv.

Colgu, the name of the addressee of the letter, was lector of Clonmacnois, and the greatest of the Irish scholars of the ninth century. A Latin letter to him from Alcuin (who spells the name Colchu) is printed by Archbishop Ussher in his *Sylloge*, No. xviii. The letter accompanied a gift of 200 silver sili from Charlemagne and Alcuin (see Mr. Olden's new and excellent work, *The Church of Ireland*, p. 155). Colgu died, according to the Four Masters, in the year 789. But Ussher dates Alcuin's letter A.D. 794, and it seems that the chronology of the Four Masters is here wrong by five years.

Conchen, the name of the person whom King Mermin greeted, seems an error for Concen = the Cuncenni of the Trallong stone (Hübner's *Inscr. Christianae Britanniae*, No. 48).

Dominnach, the name of another of the four monks, seems a corruption of 'Domnach, a name, however, which I have not met, though the diminutive *Domnóc* and the compound *Ferdomnach* occur.

Dubthach, the name of the inventor of the cryptogram, is a very common Irish name, which the Norsemen expressed by *Dufþakr*.

Fergus, the name of one of the four monks, is also a common Irish name. It is = the Old Welsh *Gurgust*, later *Gwurst*, *Gwist*, as in *Llan-rust* (Rhys's *Lectures on Welsh Philology*, 394).

Mermin, the name of the Welsh king from whose court the letter was addressed to Colgu. This king is identified by Mr. Heiberg with the Mervyn Vrych who died, according to the Brut y Tywysogion, in the year 844.

Suadbar, the name of the monk who seems to have been the scribe of the letter, occurs in the Four Masters, A.D. 889. It is compounded of the laudatory prefix *su-* (= Skr. *su-*, Welsh *hy-*) and *adbar* "matter."

Mr. Heiberg publishes the letter as "a small contribution to the elucidation of the knowledge of Greek in the Middle Ages." (*Et lille Bidrag til Belysning af Middelalderens Kendskab til Græsk.*) As such it may take its place beside the note in the Würzburg codex, Mp. th. f. 61, which was published by Prof. Sanday in the *ACADEMY* for September 1, 1888, p. 138, col. 1, and has since been printed from a photograph in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift* xxxi. 245.

WHITLEY STOKES.

#### THE BABYLONIAN LEGEND OF THE CREATION OF MAN.

Queen's College, Oxford: July 18, 1892.

Many years ago I copied an unnumbered fragment of a cuneiform tablet in the Kouyunjik collection at the British Museum, the injured condition of which prevented me from discovering what it was about. All I could see was that it related to an otherwise unknown individual called Adapa.

Now among the cuneiform documents found at Tel el-Amarna is a portion of a mythological text, which records the adventures of a certain Adapa, the son of the sea-god Ea. Dr. Zimmern has published an interesting article on the text in the (American) *Sunday-School Times* for June 18 of this year, in which he points out that the story, so far as it has been preserved in the Tel el-Amarna text, is curiously parallel, not only to the Greek myth of Prometheus, but also to the Biblical account of the Fall. A comparison of the Tel el-Amarna text with that which I copied in the British Museum has shown me that the latter belongs to the earlier part of the same story, and that if the portion preserved at Tel el-Amarna in Egypt tells us how man became mortal, the portion which has come from the library of

Nineveh at Kouyunjik tells us how he was created in the first instance.

The following is a translation of the fragment from Kouyunjik:

"[ 'Why art thou sitting? ' ] said [Anu] to him, and he looked up. [ 'Why art thou sitting? ' ] he said to him, and he rose up; and Anu shouted aloud to the creation (*ipsi*) of Ea, and the gods of heaven and earth as many as exist and whoever (else there was) answered accordingly his command, which like the command of Anu whoever (was) an augur [repeated from the lowest part of heaven to the height of heaven. He (*i.e.*, Adapa the creation of Anu) looked and beheld the terrible of him (*i.e.*, Anu). Anu [took from?] him what Adapa had made to be a covering (?) over him, he [removed?] what Ea had made his nourishment (*subura*), [and] his dominion he appointed for future days for a name . . . 'Adapa (is) the seed of mankind (*sir amiluti*) . . . man and woman (*nisu sinnistu*) with one voice shall regard (?) him (*salti isbiru*) . . . to the heaven he shall ascend; she accordingly . . . the obstacle (?) which they have established in hostility to men.' "

We already knew that Ea, the culture-god of Eridu on the Persian Gulf, was regarded by the Babylonians as the creator of mankind; the text I have just translated shows that the first man so created was named Adapa. But it would appear that Anu, the Sky-god of Nipur, subsequently interfered, and first raised Adapa into an upright position, changing the food and raiment which Ea had provided, and giving him dominion over the visible world. He further promised that the newly created man should ascend to heaven, and, as it would seem, be provided with a helpmeet. Comp. Gen. i. 26, iii. 9, 10, 21.

I may add that in Sumerian the character *pa* might also be read *ma*, so that the name of the hero of the legend would in this case be Adama, the Biblical Adam. We should then have to suppose that the legend is translated from a Sumerian original, which in its turn borrowed the name of the hero from the Semites.

A. H. SAYCE.

#### NOTES ON HERODAS.

Cambridge: July 14, 1892.

I. 82. δειξον οὐτω σ' εὐπειθῆ, *i.e.* εὐπειθῆ. The *πεισούσα* immediately following is no valid objection to the reading.

I. 83. Perhaps ἀλλ' ἄλλας λόγων τῶνδε. For the absence of the article with τῶνδε cf. I. 60.

II. 7. . . . ἡ δὲ μαστὸς ἦν . . . ἡ χάρις. I think that ἡδασθῆν (or ἡδασθῆ) is a certain restoration. Probably most people fancy that the line contained a proverbial expression; but I believe that ἡδαστος, "fellow-citizen," is probably right—*e.g.*, ταύτης μῆνις ἡδαστος ἡδασθῆν χάρις (contrast 57 ff.); or, if not, that *μα* represents a medial termination—*e.g.*,

ὡς τῆσδ', ὀνήσου', ἀστος ἡδασθῆν χάρις·  
κούτος μέτοιχος ἐστὶ τῆς πόλιος, κηγῶ·  
ζῆν δ' οὐκ ἐξ ὅκως βουλόμεθα κέλλας ἡμέας  
λυπέων προσέλκει, &c.

The word ἀστος, as opposed to πολιτῆς, includes metics.

II. 12. The first words are probably parenthetic, *e.g.* (πένης Ἀριστοφῶν δέ) κῆλὲ ἰὺν ἄγχει.

II. 15. I fancy that the Facsimile points to πεφώρημαι.

II. 16 ff.:  
κῆγωγε μὲν προικ' ἐξ Ἀκῆς ἐμοίρασα  
πυρρὸς ἄγων, κῆστησα τὴν κακὴν λυμόν·  
οὗτος δὲ περὶς ἐκ Τέρου τί τῷ δῆμῳ  
ἔδωκε;

Line 16 represents what I take to be the general sense. I have used the Attic form ἐμοίρασα, as the MS. apparently has *pa* near the end of the line. In l. 17 πυρρὸς ἄγων seems certain: γ with the first stroke of α is exactly like π. ἐστησα, "I stayed the famine." In κῆ . . . τησταιν the second τ is cancelled, and there is room for σ in the rent. The last syllable was, perhaps, τῆν, not τιν, in the MS. πυρρὸς can easily be supplied with περὶς.

V. 30. Kenyon and Bücheler read καὶ ἐμὸν. I

cannot distinguish the last letter clearly in the Facsimile. If it is right, I would read—

μεθ' ἧ; ἀλινθεῖ καὶ ἐμ' ὄνρ, ποδὲψτρον.

"With whom you wallow and scorn me, you footwiper." In ὄνρ the ι is omitted—cf. *ἀδῶν* IV. 93. The stroke after ὄνρ is not ρ or σ, but the first stroke of π. As for ὄνρ by ἀλινθεῖ, the MS. shows both ε and η in the 2nd sing. ind. mid., viz., ὄψει I. 2; κείσθρ VIII. 1; ἐνέσθρ VI. 47. In IV. 51 κῆσθρ must probably be altered to the fut. act. 3rd sing. In V. 6 βούλει stands at the end of the line, and may possibly have been βούλρ. In Homer we find the form βύσσαι; for the contraction cf. *δύω* and *ἐπίστω* (Attic *δύω* and *ἐπίστω*).

VII. 43. Diels reads πρὸς ὄνρ οὐ δοκίω δέων τὰ Μικίωνος θρηπ' ἐνπρεῖ κραιγῆς. But the letter after the ι of θρηπ, though apparently ε, is, I think, α, for the right-hand stroke is still visible. I propose οὐ δοκίω θάσσον τὰ Μ. θρηπία βύσσαι ἐκλείπει.

VII. 112. The last word is βυεῖς (*Buieis*), a coarse description of the καταγλώττισμα, which is explained in detail by the scholiast on Arist. *Nubes* 51. F. D.

#### THE FRENCH PEASANT.

Seaforth, Liverpool: July 18, 1892.

In reading the Rev. Mr. Webster's review of Miss Betham-Edwards's *France of To-day*, I was reminded of a book but little known, in which some decisive judgments on agricultural life in France are given among the thoughts of a French country parson.

We know the character of the East-Anglian peasant from the writings of Dr. Jessop; I would draw attention to another shepherd in Arcady, in France of to-day, not only for the powerful sketches he draws of his flock, but for the whole work in which they form a chapter. The Abbé Joseph Roux, born in the Limousin nearly sixty years ago, has been all his life a parish priest in his native province; yet he is a man of culture, who not only preaches in the patois, but is a *félibre* and a scholar in the Provençal dialects. He has written *La Chanson lemozina*, a series of twenty-four epics, which has been called a *Légende des Siècles* in Limousin. And in his solitary life, the parish priest of Saint Hilaire le Peyrou has also written a collection of *Pensées*, which have deserved him the name of the La Bruyère of the peasantry. This collection of thoughts (published by Lemerre) attracted my attention when it appeared six years ago; it is excellent in style and in matter, and the chapter on "la campagne, les paysans" throws the light of feeling as well as truth on the subject.

I had written thus far when I read Miss Betham-Edwards's reply. I turn to the *Pensées* and find:—

"Mme. de Sevigné et La Bruyère ont, sur les paysans, une page sombre que nos économistes et politiciens, singulièrement émus, et pour cause, citent avec triomphe: 'Ah! que la condition de l'habitant des campagnes est bien meilleure, grâce à la Révolution! . . . ' A la vérité, le sort du paysan est toujours le même. Prenez une grande dame accoutumée aux splendeurs du faubourg, ou quelque prince de la finance, acoquiné au luxe et au confort de Paris: montrez leur tout à coup, sur place, et la demeure sordide d'un de nos bons paysans, et son lit affreux, et sa table immonde, et son pain grossier, et son linge lourd et dur, et ses habits ignobles, et sa nourriture écœurante, et sa boisson nauséabonde, et sa vie âpre, étroite, désolée, exploitée par tous, trompée par tous, aggravée par tous; montrez leur cela, tout cela et le reste, et s'ils ne jettent pas le cri d'horreur, de pitié peut-être, du grand moraliste et de la bonne épistolaire, c'est qu'ils n'auront ni cœur ni esprit."

But sordidness of life is in nowise incompatible with saving. The French peasant was trained in both during the old régime, and had thus saved sufficient to buy, cheap, it is true, yet to buy *à beaux deniers*, the confiscated lands of nobles and church.



The peasant is not immovable, he is only slow to move. He has been induced to put his savings not only into the post-office, but also, I fear, into the coffers of the financiers who so kindly send him gratuitously the newspapers in which their attractive schemes are set forth.

"Vers la fin du second empire, le paysan se montrait impérialiste enragé; l'on votait chez nous comme un seul homme en faveur du 'César ramolli.' Et les politiciens de Paris de crier 'Brute de paysan,' &c. On désespérait de le gagner. C'était le méconnaître.

"Les préfets changés, les maires remplacés, les députés renouvelés, le paysan que l'on croyait attaché à la glèbe des Rouher et des Morny, passa bel et bien, avec armes et bagages, à la République.

"Et le voilà républicain jusqu'à nouvel ordre.

"Le paysan ne part jamais vite, mais il arrive toujours sûrement, le paysan."

In looking again through these Thoughts, full of horror at the sordid life, the superstition of the peasant, yet full of tenderness for his patience, his hard life, I scarcely know which to pick out, so concise, so admirable is the picture each one draws of the Limousin.

"Les gens de Tulle appellent nos paysans peccata. Ce sobriquet renferme un sens admirable. Le paysan, c'est bien le péché, le péché original, encore persistant et visible, dans toute sa naïveté brute, dans tout son brutisme naïf."

"Grattez le Russe, disait Napoléon, le Tartare réparaitra." Et vous autres, gens de l'instruction obligatoire, frottez, vernissez le paysan tout qu'il vous plaira, toujours le peccata subsistera; et c'est bonheur que cela, puis qu'il vous faut manger du pain."

"Tout paysan n'aurait besoin pour devenir un grand saint que d'être par surmartine ce qu'il est par nature, laborieux, sobre, patient, résigné. . ."

I believe that the account given by the Abbé Roux of his parishioners is true of the great majority of the French peasantry. It may not be entirely applicable to those districts where wine-growing, horse-breeding, or other occupations more or less independent of actual agriculture have raised the standard of comfort. Yet there is no doubt that, throughout France generally, not only is the peasant's life a hard one, but life among them is almost impossible except to those who actually own and till the soil, and who therefore patiently support the life, cheered as it is by a general feeling that they could be comfortable if they liked. But, "Le paysan se prive moins de jouir qu'il ne jouit de se priver."

EDWARD NICHOLSON.

#### STEPHEN'S CHARTER OF LIBERTIES.

London: July 18, 1892.

I cannot find that anyone has noted the curious fact that the description of Stephen's position which Aethelred of Rievaulx places in the mouth of Walter Espee, at the Battle of the Standards seems to be taken direct from Stephen's (Oxford) Charter of Liberties. I subjoin the two for comparison:—

"Ego Stephanus Dei gratia (1) assensu cleri et populi in regem Anglorum electus (2) et a Willelmo Cantuariensi archiepiscopo et sanctae ecclesiae legato consecratus (3) et ab Innocentio sanctae Romanae sedis pontifice confirmatus."

So close a paraphrase can scarcely be accidental; and the inference would be that Aethelred had Stephen's charter before him, probably in the work of Richard of Hexham, with which Canon Raine believes him to have been familiar.

J. H. ROUND.

#### SCIENCE.

"ANECDOTA OXONIENSIA."—*Collations from the Harleian MS. of Cicero, 2682.* By Albert C. Clark. With a Facsimile. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

THIS new volume of the "Anecdota Oxoniensia," a series at present too little known, is not likely, like many of its predecessors, to lurk in obscurity. For the MS., of which it gives thorough and exact collations of a considerable portion, is one of the most important, as it is also one of the most comprehensive, of the MSS. of Cicero. Its value was known as far back as the sixteenth century, when it was in possession of the Cathedral of Cologne, and was used by the eminent jurist and poet Modius, and by the ill-fated and prematurely extinguished scholar Gulielmus. One of the librarians of the Cathedral during the latter part of that century was Melchior Hittorp, in compliment to whom it was sometimes called Hittorpianus. This name alternates with Coloniensis and Basilicanus, and has been the source of infinite confusion. It is one part of Mr. Clark's services to have shown the identity of these three names, as referring all to the same MS.—Harl. 2682. For after long remaining in the library of the Cathedral of Cologne safely guarded as a MS. treasure of consequence, it was, in an evil hour for Cologne, lent to Graevius, who succeeded, it is impossible to say by what artifices, in lulling the vigilance of the brooding dragon that watched over it (I use his own metaphor), and kept it in his own possession from 1688 to his death in 1703. After Graevius's death, it was sold by his heirs, with the rest of his books and MSS. The library was bought by the Elector Johann Wilhelm, and the MSS. housed at Düsseldorf. Büchels, the librarian of Johann's successor, Karl Philipp, sold them to one Zamboni, Zamboni to Harley, Lord Oxford. It is now in the Harleian collection at the British Museum.

Mr. Maunde Thompson, whose description of the MS. occupies pp. i.-iii. of the Introduction, describes it as written in minuscules of German type of the latter part of the eleventh century. It contains the following works of Cicero: *Epist. ad Fam.* ix.-xvi. (of which Mr. Louis Purser has given an account and collated it for the use of Prof. Tyrrell's edition), *de Pet. Consulatus*, *de Amicitia*, *de Senectute*, *Philippicae*, *in Catilinam*, *Paradoxa*, *pro Marcello*, *pro Ligurio*, *pro Deiotaro*, followed by a duplicate copy, in the same order, of the last three *pro Milone*, *de imperio Cn. Pompei*, excerpts from the *Verrines*, *de Officiis* I. and part of II. Of all these, except the *Epist. ad Fam.*, *de pet. Cons.*, *Philippicae*, *Paradoxa*, *de Officiis*, Mr. Clark gives in the present volume a complete and very careful collation. It must not be supposed that the MS. is equally valuable in every one of the above mentioned works. Its importance as an authority of the first class is found pre-eminently in the *pro Milone* and *de imp. Cn. Pompei*; then in the *pro Marcello*, *Ligurio*, *Deiotaro*, yet not equally in the duplicate copies of these three; for the first is inferior to the second (H), and is carefully distin-

guished from it by a different notation (h). Mr. Clark's own estimate of the value of the MS. in every one of the Ciceronian works above quoted will be found on p. xv. He adds a collation of the spurious *Controrsiae Ciceronis in Salustium* and *Salusti in Ciceronem*, which the MS. also contains (fol. 113).

Besides the actual collations, which occupy 51 pages—each page in the triple-column form adopted by the Clarendon Press for the "Anecdota Oxoniensia" Series—the Introduction of lxx. pages contains: (1) The description by Mr. M. Thompson of the Codex; (2) Its history by Mr. Clark; (3) A selection of the most important of its readings in each of the works of Cicero which he has collated. These are accompanied in each case by a comparison of the readings of other primary MSS. of Cicero, and by a more or less minute discussion and criticism of the passages for which the variants of the MS. are cited. This is that part of the volume which is most interesting to the general reader; it is executed with great care, and completely succeeds, in my opinion, in proving the chief point at issue—the importance of Harl. 2682 as one of the best sources for constituting the text of the orations in question. This, however, is a matter of minute study, and will require generations of critics to fully determine. Meanwhile, it is no small boon to the philological public to be in possession, in so compact and inexpensive a form, of the materials for forming an opinion. The value of the MS. has, it is true, for centuries been known, and it was seen by the greatest of Latin critics, Madvig; but its readings were only known imperfectly. We now possess in Mr. Clark's volume a perfect and reliable collation, supplemented by a commentary which evinces, to say the least that might be said, a knowledge of the subject thoroughly up to date, and illuminated by a sound, palaeographically and scientifically guided, criticism.

ROBINSON ELLIS.

#### THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY.

The second session of the above Congress will be held in London on Monday, August 1, and the three following days, under the presidency of Prof. H. Sidgwick. The Congress will assemble in the rooms of University College, Gower-street, from 10 to 1 and from 2 to 4.30.

The following papers have been arranged for:—Dr. Alexander Bain, "The Respective Spheres and the Mutual Aids of Introspection and Experiment in Psychology"; Prof. M. Baldwin, "Suggestion and Will"; Prof. Beaunis, "Psychological Questioning"; Dr. Bérillon, "The Applications of Hypnotic Suggestion to Education"; Prof. Bernheim, "The Psychological Character of Hysterical Amblyopia"; M. Binet, "The Psychology of Insects"; Prof. Delbœuf, "The Appreciation of Time by Sonnambulists"; Dr. Donaldson, "Laura Bridgman"; Dr. Van Eeden, "Principles of Psycho-Therapeutics"; Prof. Ebbinghaus, "Theory of Colour-Perception"; Dr. Goldscheider, "Investigations into the Muscular Sense of the Blind"; Prof. Stanley-Hall, "Recent Researches in the Psychology of the Skin"; Prof. Henschen, "The Visual Centre in the Cortex of the Calcarine Fissure"; Prof. Heymans, "Inhibition of Presentations"; Prof.

Victor Horsley, "The Degree of Localisation of Movements and Correlative Sensations"; Prof. Pierre Janet, "Loss of Volitional Power"; Prof. N. Lange, "A Law of Perception"; Prof. Liégeois, "The Female Poisoner of Ain-Fezza"; Prof. Lehmann, "Experimental Inquiry into the Relation of Respiration to Attention"; Dr. Lightner-Witmer, "The Direct and Associative Factors in Judgments of Aesthetic Proportion"; Prof. Lombroso, "The Sensibility of Women, Normal, Insane, and Criminal"; Dr. Mendelssohn, "Investigations into the Parallel Law of Fechner"; Prof. Lloyd Morgan, "The Limits of Animal Intelligence"; Prof. G. E. Müller, "The Experimental Investigation of Memory"; Prof. Münsterberg, "The Psycho-Physical Basis of the Feelings"; Mr. F. W. H. Myers, "The Experimental Induction of Hallucinations"; Dr. W. R. Newbold, "The Characteristics and Conditions of the Simplest Forms of Belief"; Prof. Preyer, "The Origin of Numbers"; Prof. Ribot, "General Ideas"; Prof. Richet, "The Future of Psychology"; Prof. Schäfer, "The Anatomical and Physiological Relation of the Frontal Lobes"; Mrs. Sidgwick, "Experiments in Thought-Transference"; Dr. E. B. Titchener, "Binocular After-Images"; Prof. Tschisch, "Relation of Reaction-time to the Breadth of Perception"; Dr. Verriest, "The Physiological Basis of Rhythmic Speech"; Dr. Waller, "The Functional Attributes of the Cerebral Cortex."

The meetings of the Congress will be general and sectional. It is provisionally arranged that the general meetings shall be held on Monday or Thursday, and on the afternoons of Tuesday and Wednesday; and that the sectional meetings shall be held on Tuesday and Wednesday morning, and, if necessary, on Thursday morning. There will be two sections at least: (a) Neurology and Psychophysics; and (b) Hypnotism and Cognate Questions. Under Section (a) will fall, for example, the papers of M. Binet, Profs. Henschen, Horsley, Schäfer, Waller, &c.; under Section (b) will fall the papers of Dr. Bérillon, Profs. Bernheim, Delboeuf, Liégeois, Dr. Van Eeden, Mr. F. W. H. Myers, and Mrs. Sidgwick. Reports will be given in by Profs. Sidgwick and James and M. Marillier of the results of the census of hallucinations which it was decided to carry out at the first session of the Congress (Paris, 1889).

A committee of reception has been formed, which includes, among others, the following names:—Dr. A. Bain, Dr. D. Ferrier, Mr. F. Galt, Dr. Shadworth Hodgson, Prof. Victor Horsley, Dr. Hughlings Jackson, Dr. Charles Mercier, Prof. Croom Robertson, Dr. G. J. Romanes, Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. G. F. Stout, Dr. J. Ward, and Dr. de Watteville. The fee for attendance at the Congress is ten shillings, which will entitle to a printed report of the proceedings. Any intending members who have not yet paid the fee are requested to send it to Prof. Sully, East Heath-road, Hampstead, London, N.W.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

GREEK ἄqua = LATIN "AQUA."

Oxford: July 16, 1892.

I and Mr. Sibree agree that these two words cannot be equated, if the Latin *qu* represents an original velar explosive, as is generally assumed by comparative philologists. I also agree with Mr. Sibree that the *qu* of Latin *aqua*, if we look at the word by itself, may represent a velar explosive or a palatal explosive; that is to say, the original type may be *aq̃* (*ak̃ā*) or *ak̃uā* (*ak̃wā*). The Gothic form *ahwa* does not help us to decide between these two, as the Gothic sound *hw* may represent *q* (*k̃*) or *ky* (*k̃w*). Compare, for instance, on

the one hand, Goth. *saihwān* ("to see") with Lat. *sequor* ("I follow"), Gr. *ἑωμαι* from root *seq* (*sek̃*); and, on the other hand, Goth. *hweits* ("white") with Skr. *çvītā-*, Zend *spacta-* from root *k̃weit* (*k̃weit* = *k̃neid* (*k̃weid*)). But, if we examine the cognate forms of Lat. *aqua* in Old High German and in Old Norse, and then contrast with these the cognate forms of Lat. *equus* in Old Saxon and in Old Norse, we shall see clearly traces of a *-u* suffix in the latter group, while we shall find nothing but an *-ā* suffix in the *aqua* words, which would prove, of course, that the *qu* of Latin *aqua* is due to the labialisation of the original velar explosive *q* (*k̃*). The O.H.G. equivalent of Lat. *aqua* is *aha*; the O.N. equivalent is *á* (*á*) = *ā* = *a(h)a* (see Noreen, *Altisländische Grammatik*, § 109, 234). Now, take the equivalents of Lat. *equus*; the *-u* suffix may be traced in the Old Saxon form *ehu* (occurring in a compound), and in the Old Norse *jör* (*jör-r*). The base *jör* of Old Norse *jör* is the equivalent of an older *ehu-*, *io* being the *u-* (*w-*) breaking of Germanic *e* (see Noreen, § 90), of which *jör* is the compensatory lengthening after the disappearance of the *h* (see Noreen, § 234). To sum up, Lat. *aqua* (from *√aq*) = O.H.G. *aha*, O.N. *á*, while Lat. *equus* (from type *ek̃nos*) O.S. *ehu*, O.N. *jör*.

Again, I think we may assume the existence of a velar explosive in the root of the *aqua*-words from the form-history of an Old-English derivative *tey* ("island"). O.E. *tey* means "the watery (land)," representing a Germanic type, *a(g)wō* (with stress on suffix); this is a derivative (with shifting of stress) of Germanic *axwō* (cp. Goth. *ahwa*), "water." Now this Germanic *xw* = *gw* (*q*) presupposes an original velar explosive *q* (*k̃*) (see Wright's *Gothic Primer*, 1892, § 119).

For the above reasons, I am disposed to think that there was in the Indo-European *Ursprache* a distinction in the character of the guttural in the roots of Latin *equus* and *aqua*, and that the *qu* of *aqua* represents a velar explosive.

A. L. MAYHEW.

#### INDIAN JOTTINGS.

No. XLIII. of the "Bombay Sanskrit Series" consists of a second part of Prof. Peterson's *Handbook to the Study of the Rig-Veda*. The first part, published two years ago, contained Sayana's Preface to his Commentary on the Rig-Veda, and the Commentary itself on the first three hymns, together with a translation into English of the Preface. In the present part we have the text of the seventh Mandala of the Rig-Veda, with Sayana's Commentary, based upon a collation of the *editio princeps* with three MSS. to which Prof. Peterson has had access. In the Preface he points out the chief places in which he thinks that he may fairly claim to have improved the text, with special reference to the emendations introduced by Prof. Max Müller; and at the end are nearly forty pages of critical notes. In particular, he differs from Prof. Max Müller by regularly suspending the observance of the rules of Sandhi, in which he declares that he is only following the custom of his MSS. In a third part Prof. Peterson hopes to give notes to the whole work, a translation of the Hymns, and a full glossary, thus putting "into the hands of students, whether of the East or of the West, a convenient handbook for the intelligent study of this greatest of all relics of the Aryan past."

THE *Indian Antiquary* for May (London: Kegan Paul & Co.) contains two papers of importance. Prof. A. F. Rudolf Hoernle prints a further instalment of the old Sanskrit MSS. on birch bark, brought by Lieutenant Bower from Central Asia. It consists of fifty-nine verses,

giving rules for divination by means of dice. There were apparently three dice, named "pitcher," "discus," and "elephant," which were thrown on a board divided into twelve fields. Prof. Hoernle remarks that he remembers to have seen fortunes told according to a similar method by a wandering Kashmiri or Afghan. The language of the MS. is the early extra-scholastic Sanskrit of North-Western India, with all the usual anomalies of orthography, grammar, prosody, and vocabulary. Of the strange words used for certain throws of dice, only one—*dandubhi*—is to be found in the Petersburg Dictionary. Prof. Hoernle prints the whole in modern Nagari, with a Roman transliteration and a translation into English. The other paper is an elaborate examination, by Mr. J. F. Fleet, of the theory propounded by Mr. Rice, in his *Inscriptions of Sravana Belgola*, that Chandragupta, the Sandracottus of the Greeks, died in Southern India. Mr. Fleet has little difficulty in proving that this identification is due to a series of misunderstandings; and he also shows how far the inscriptions in question throw light upon the early history of the Jains.

THE July number of the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* prints the paper on "Bengali Philology and Ethnography" which Mr. Charles Johnston read before the International Congress of Orientalists last year. His remarks apply primarily to the central district of Murshidabad. As to the language, he distinguishes three forms: (1) That of the Brahmans, which consists of pure Sanskrit, modified by the weakening influence of "Prakritising"; (2) the literary dialect of the educated Muhammadans, of which one half is pure Arabic or Persian; (3) Low Bengali, or the vernacular of the great mass of the population, with scarcely any written documents. It is with this last that Mr. Johnston mainly deals. Of the vocabulary, he thinks that about 70 per cent. is Prakritised Sanskrit; 25 per cent. *desha-ja* or aboriginal; and the rest Persian, &c. The following are examples of the change in pronunciation that Mr. Johnston calls Prakritising: Krishna becomes Kishto; Padma = the Ganges becomes Poddoo; Vaishnava becomes Boishtob. The grammar is agglutinative rather than inflectional. Substantives have only one declension; cases are formed by adjoined nouns of position; number is formed by adjoined nouns of multitude; gender is expressed, if at all, by adjoined nouns of sex; case terminations are identical in singular and plural. Nouns have only one conjugation; and all tend to lapse into a verbal noun with the infinitive "to do" for the active voice, "to be" for the middle, and "to go" for the passive. Finally, all words tend to become as short as possible, being mostly monosyllables or dissyllables. With regard to the ethnography, Mr. Johnston again distinguishes three types: (1) the Aryan, represented only by a few thousand Brahmans; (2) an Indo-Chinese type, to which the Kolarian Santhals belong; (3) a Dravidian type, somewhat more numerous than the preceding, which includes most of the Musalmans. He concludes that the agglutinative grammar of Low Bengali is due to the "inverse attraction" of the Dravidian and Indo-Chinese languages upon the Sanskrit which has displaced them. The question is certainly deserving of further study.

THE last number of the *Journal* of the Anthropological Society of Bombay that we have received (Vol. ii., No. 7) contains several articles of interest. Mr. Jivanji Jamsheji Modi gives a very elaborate account of the funeral ceremonies of the Parsis, with special reference to their origin and explanation; and his article is illustrated with the ground plan of a Temple of Silence. Prof. Peterson translates



the duties of a Hindu wife from Vatsyayana, whom he dates at the very beginning of the Christian era; many of the details are curious, especially the recognition of widow-marriage. Dr. W. Dymock writes on the use of preparations of hemp, chiefly *ganja* and *bhanga*, as narcotics in the East. It would seem that Madras is the only province where no revenue is derived from this source. Mr. E. J. Kitts, of Moradabad, in Northern India, prints a further series of tables of anthropometric measurements of adult males of different castes, taken primarily for police purposes. Finally, among "Anthropological Scraps," we have the report of a most interesting lecture on Marathi poetry, delivered at the Elphinstone College by Prof. Acworth, who has written at length on the subject elsewhere. He distinguishes two periods in Marathi literature: (1) during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, under the Yadava dynasty of Deogiri; and (2) from the beginning of the seventeenth century to the British conquest. Of contemporary poetry, he speaks in doubtful language, though he recognises the merit of Purshotam Balkrishna Joshi.

WE quote from the *Revue Critique* the following eloquent appeal by M. Barth, on behalf of Dr. Rost, the librarian at the India office:

"On annonce de Londres la retraite prochaine de l'éminent bibliothécaire de l'India Office, le Dr Reinhold Rost, atteint, paraît-il, par la limite d'âge. Certes personne n'a misux acquis le droit au repos que M. Rost, après vingt-trois années de laborieux et fructueux services. La mesure n'en sera pas moins accueillie partout avec d'unanimes regrets. M. Rost est en effet un de ces serviteurs auxquels il est plus facile de trouver un successeur qu'un remplaçant. Versé dans un grand nombre de langues asiatiques, parfaitement chez lui dans tout le domaine si étendu et si varié qui relève de l'empire anglo-indien ou s'y rattache indirectement, très au courant non seulement des résultats des études orientales, mais encore de leur personnel dans tous les pays de l'ancien et du nouveau monde où ces études se cultivent, M. Rost a porté un ensemble probable unique de savoir et d'expérience dans l'administration du riche dépôt confié à ses soins. Ce dépôt qu'il connaissait mieux que personne, il n'a jamais voulu l'exploiter à son propre profit, en s'en réservant les prémices; mais il l'a dirigé avec une abnégation absolue, dans l'esprit le plus libéral, uniquement en vue du bien des études. C'est grâce à son initiative que les manuscrits, à l'India Office, se communiquent plus facilement que les imprimés ailleurs, sans formalités rebutantes et aussi sans risques, sous la seule garantie de son information toujours exacte et à la hauteur de sa responsabilité. Si je ne me trompe, c'est grâce aussi à son exemple que le même esprit a prévalu dans l'administration de plusieurs des grands dépôts officiels de l'Inde. Je ne dirai rien de la bienveillance et des qualités aimables de l'homme. Quel est l'indianiste qui, en s'adressant à M. Rost, n'ait obtenu en renseignements, en conseils, en bons offices, dix fois plus qu'il ne lui demandait? Il y a un an à peine, les orientalistes du monde entier, en lui présentant le témoignage public de leur estime et de leur reconnaissance (*The Rost Testimonial Fund*), ne faisaient qu'acquitter une dette par cet hommage qui s'adressait autant aux qualités de l'homme qu'aux mérites du fonctionnaire et du savant. La mesure qui doit l'éloigner du poste où il a fait tant de bien, n'est pas encore officielle. Si elle devait être suivie d'un prompt effet, elle montrerait une fois de plus que l'Angleterre, à son tour, est en train de devenir un pays de règlement et à passer du régime de l'appréciation et de la responsabilité intelligentes à celui de l'aveugle niveau."

#### SCIENCE NOTES.

UNDER the title of "The Cambridge Natural History," Messrs. Macmillan have in preparation a series of volumes on the Natural History of Vertebrate and Invertebrate Animals, for the most part written by Cambridge men.

While intended in the first instance for those who have not had any special training, the volumes will, so far as possible, present the modern results of scientific research. Thus the anatomical structure of each group, its development, palaeontology, and geographical distribution, will be considered in conjunction with its external character. Care will, however, be taken to avoid technical language so far as possible, and to exclude abstruse details. The series will be under the general editorship of Mr. J. W. Clark, the University Registrar, and Mr. S. F. Harmer, superintendent of the Museum of Zoology. The following writers are engaged upon the groups which precede their names:—*Mammals*, Mr. J. J. Lister; *Birds*, Mr. A. H. Evans; *Reptiles and Amphibia*, Dr. Gadow; *Fish*, Mr. W. Bateson; *Mollusca*, Mr. A. H. Cooke; *Polychaeta*, Mr. S. F. Harmer; *Brachiopoda*, Mr. A. E. Shipley; *Insects*, Mr. David Sharp; *Myriapoda*, Mr. F. G. Sinclair; *Arachnoida*, Mr. C. Warburton; *Crustacea*, Prof. W. F. R. Weldon; *Coelenterata*, Mr. S. J. Hickson; and *Sponges*, Dr. W. J. Sollas. It is hoped that some of the volumes, which are already far advanced, may appear in the course of next year. The series will be fully illustrated.

MR. ROWLAND WARD, of Piccadilly, will very shortly publish a *Book of Horn Measurements and Weights of the Great Game of the World*, on the compilation of which he has been engaged for some time, utilising his peculiar position for the acquirement of original information on the subject. Alike to naturalists and to the circle of sportsmen among great game that has its headquarters in England and its fields all over the world, this work will be of interest. It will be amply illustrated.

WE have received the first number of the *Medical Magazine*: a monthly review of medicine, surgery, and allied sciences (Southwood, Smith & Co.). Most of the articles are only of professional interest, but we may call attention to one by Dr. Charles Creighton, entitled "From Mediaeval to Modern in the Health of an English City." The city is Chester, for which certain statistics are available in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In 1603-5, and in 1647-8, there were severe outbreaks of plague, each of which carried off between a fourth and a fifth part of the population, which is estimated at 7000. In 1774, when the number of inhabitants had risen to 15,000, there were epidemics of typhus and smallpox, the former being most fatal among adults, the latter among children. Of 202 deaths from smallpox, no less than 180 were of children younger than five; and it was found that there were only 1060 persons in the city who had not had the disease. The proportion of deaths to those attacked was one in seven.

*L'Anthropologie* for May and June (Paris: Masson) contains two papers of interest. M. Salomon Reinach prints a recent communication to the Académie des Inscriptions upon "Celtic Tin." After first arguing that the word *kasatropos* is neither of Sanskrit or Assyrian origin, but was derived by the Greeks from Western Europe, he then suggests that, like other names of metals, it comes from a place—the Cassiterides, that is to say, the British Isles. Looking for an etymology in Celtic, he finds it in the root of *Cassi-vellaunus* and many other Gaulish proper names (which possibly conveys the meaning of a superlative) and a termination *-taros* (to which he arbitrarily assigns the signification of "remote"). In other words, the Cassiterides are the Farthest Islands; and *kasatropos* = tin, is that which is brought therefrom. The other paper is an elaborate examination by M. Paul Topinard—extending to thirty-four pages—of Mr. H. H. Risley's anthropometric study of the tribes and

castes of Bengal. M. Topinard is disposed to accept Mr. Risley's conclusions, though he asks for further researches upon the hair of the several races.

#### PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE most important article in the *Classical Review* for July (David Nutt) is again contributed by Mr. F. G. Kenyon. He here gives the first account that has appeared in English of a new MS. of Hyperides, which was acquired two years ago by the Louvre. Unfortunately, the papyrus is in a very mutilated condition; but it contains portions of seventeen columns, each column having about twenty-eight lines of writing. The date is probably the end of the second century B.C.—an earlier date than can be assigned with certainty to any other classical MS. at present extant, except the Plato and Euripides fragments among the Petrie Papyri. The contents are the famous first oration of Hyperides against Athenogenes, which Longinus regarded as one of the supreme examples of the peculiar style of oratory in which Hyperides was unsurpassed, even by Demosthenes. The date of the speech is proved by internal evidence to fall within the years 329-323 B.C. A carefully revised text, together with a photographic facsimile of the whole, will shortly be published by M. Eugène Revillout, who has already written several papers on it in the *Revue Egyptologique*. Mr. Kenyon also describes two new fragments of two other speeches of Hyperides, now in private possession, which are evidently detached from the Harris Papyrus in the British Museum. Among the other articles in this number, we can only mention that Mr. W. L. Newman discusses Aristotle's classification of forms of government; Mr. J. W. Headlam continues his examination of the early council at Athens; and Prof. W. Wyse has a second instalment of notes on the text of the Petrie Papyri.

#### FINE ART.

*Life of Gustave Doré.* With One Hundred and Thirty-Eight Illustrations from Original Drawings by Doré. By the late Blanchard Jerrold. (W. H. Allen.)

"JE suis perdu; j'ai trop travaillé," said Doré, as he lay dying, stricken down at the age of fifty-one; and, in truth, he had crowded into his half-century of life a crushing amount of labour. Caricatures by the hundred, book-illustrations innumerable, water-colours not a few, paintings of immense size and ambitious aim, etchings, sculpture—the weight of achievement was one rather for the Atlantean shoulders of some great master of the Renaissance than for the punier shoulders of the men of our own time. "J'ai trop travaillé," said the dying man.

Had he worked too much, and especially too hastily, for his fame? That is a question to which criticism, even yet, scarcely gives a very definite reply. As a child, when his father, who was a civil engineer, wished him to be studying for the Ecole Polytechnique, he had already got his pencil in hand. At the age of fifteen he was earning his living as a caricaturist in Paris. "Learn to draw, study from the life," urged his friend Lacroix, the "Bibliophile Jacob." Doré would take no such advice. His brain was teeming

with ideas. His hand possessed, as he considered, sufficient cunning to put those ideas into shape. Why should he go through the toilsome apprenticeship essential to mediocrity? So he pressed forward full of self-confidence, tossing off his rather grim caricatures, and, anon, throwing himself into book-illustration with an immense ardour and resource. Then, after the world, with sufficient unanimity, had accepted his work as an illustrator, he was fired by a new ambition. He would be a painter, great among the greatest; and when his countrymen refused to acknowledge him in that capacity, he was, indeed, saddened, depressed, somewhat soured, but yet bated no jot of heart or hope, and toiled on without intermission. If Paris disliked his pictures, questioned the drawing, objected to the colour—and it must be owned that he had greatly tried the artistic faith of Paris by such mere caricatures as the "Death of Rizzio," the "Tapis Vert," and some parts of the "Neophyte"—then London should do him justice. So he filled the gallery in Bond-street with huge canvasses, and labouring on at his book-illustration, executed also, among other works of sculpture, a great monument to Alexandre Dumas. Work, work, work, he was at it interminably, like the seamstress in Hood's immortal song. "I do not think," said one of his relations, "that during a whole year Gustave slept on an average more than three hours out of the twenty-four." He himself remarked, in one of his letters:

"I firmly believe that *we workers* have the best health, and for the simple reason that our lives are more uniform. Idlers always fancy that we must be tired, and are astonished to find that we do not wear out faster than themselves. Now I am one of those who believe that even excessive intellectual work, if it is pursued steadily and continuously, consumes one less rapidly than idleness, intemperance, or ennui."

Nor is evidence wanting that, with all his restlessness and rapidity, he had a measure of that capacity for taking pains which the good Sir Joshua, falsely no doubt, regarded as constituting genius. When he had nearly finished his large picture of Christ leaving the Praetorium, his friend, Canon Harford, came to see it, and objected to the key of colour as being far too bright for one of the gloomiest scenes in man's history. Doré, without hesitation, postponed the exhibition of the picture and repainted the whole.

"There was a sort of rough dogged honesty about him," says Miss Roosevelt, "no matter how unimportant in his eyes might be the job in hand, to execute it with the same care and perfection of design and material that he would have bestowed on a far more elaborate and remunerative piece of work."

But with all this, he never conquered the vice in his earlier art education, never sufficiently learned to base his art upon concrete fact. As poor bellicose, baffled Haydon had said that "Nature put him out," so Nature "put out" Doré. He had refused to study from the life at Lacroix's bidding. Miss Roosevelt tells an amusing story of his hiring a noted model to sit to him, and of her indignation on finding, after she had posed for several hours, that he had been working at something else, and quite forgotten her

existence. When he was illustrating London, he would make no sketches, but trusted almost entirely to memory, and thus committed many mistakes. Now Nature is by no means the be-all and end-all of art, notwithstanding some of Mr. Ruskin's earlier teaching. But when an artist is "put out" by her, she has her own ways of taking vengeance.

And yet, when every possible deduction has been made, the man had great gifts, even apart from the "mock-heroic gigantesque" in which he was unrivalled. His fertility, his wealth of idea, were prodigious. It would be wrong indeed not to admire the noble ambition which led him to measure himself against such diverse literary masterpieces as the Divine Comedy, Paradise Lost, Don Quixote, Lafontaine's Fables, Rabelais' mighty book, Perrault's popular tales, Orlando Furioso, Lord Tennyson's Idyls, the Bible—to say nothing of Balzac's *Contes Drolatiques*; to all of which, had he lived, he would have added Shakspeare. Then, too, his power of what may be called scenic presentation was superb. He takes his subject, whatever it is, and puts it before you in a manner striking, easily intelligible, and with the lines of composition so arranged that the attention is at once centred upon the point of importance. This is so, to give salient instances, in the large pictures of Christ's entry into Jerusalem, and Christ leaving the Praetorium—where no one, notwithstanding the amount of episode, can for a moment hesitate as to what is the essential object of interest. And this gift of effective grouping he carries into his illustrations as well as his larger works. No doubt it is a gift that, in him, was accompanied by a certain theatricality. The two pictures just named, like the Moses and Aaron before Pharaoh, distinctly suggest the stage rather than life; and art, while really unlike fact, should give the impression of fact. But, after all, it is better to suggest a grandiose scene at a theatre than a *tableau vivant*, which is always the suggestion conveyed, to my mind at least, by Long's pictures, and the pictures of some other men who could be named.

On one point connected with Doré's art, the impression left by the late Blanchard Jerrold's volume is distinctly favourable. Seeing, as has just been said, how scenic his religious pictures mostly are, one could not help, to some extent, misdoubting their sincerity—was he merely playing with his themes, or was there a real conviction of any kind urging on his brush? The doubt did Doré wrong. It seems clear from the volume before me, as also from Miss Roosevelt's *Reminiscences*, that in his nature there was a vein of essential belief.

There were, of course, many other things besides. The portrait presented by his friend Blanchard Jerrold is of a man exuberant, industrious, energetic, full of self-confidence, as frolicsome as a school-boy in his hours of gaiety, generous almost to a fault, passionately devoted to his mother, greatly beloved by all who came into daily contact with him, quick of temper and irascible under contradiction—did not he and his friend Dalloz, in one of their art discussions, come to throwing

stones at each other in right good earnest? Latterly the *gamin de génie*, as Gautier had called him, was greatly saddened by the refusal of his countrymen to recognise his merits as a painter. Albert Wolff, the distinguished journalist who has recently passed away, after listening to Doré one summer evening as they paced the Champs Elysées together, said

"no tragedy had ever stirred him so deeply as the story of Doré's sufferings under the cruel indifference of his countrymen towards him as a painter. He appeared to be the most miserable man in all Paris, smarting under the injustice of the world. The tears stood in his eyes while he recounted his sufferings. He who had worked so prodigiously, who was filled with the noblest ambitions, who loved art passionately for its own sake, was misunderstood, neglected, put aside."

"He believed every unfavourable criticism to have been inspired by personal enmity," says Miss Roosevelt. Blanchard Jerrold remarks: "Courbet once said of Doré, '*il n'y a que lui et moi*.' There were times when Doré said to himself, '*il n'y a que moi*.'" And with this exalted opinion of his own merits, all his success, all his world-wide reputation were poisoned. The last years of his life were full of disenchantment. "It is pleasant, however," says Blanchard Jerrold again, "to dwell on the extraordinary faculty of enjoyment which Doré possessed in his early manhood, before the harsh criticism of his fellow-countrymen had embittered his lofty and generous nature."

Blanchard Jerrold had many qualifications as Doré's biographer. He had known the artist well, and for many years had an enthusiastic admiration for his works; and though this volume lacks here and there the author's final touches—the hand that should have given them being stilled by death—yet it may be regarded as a successful and life-like presentation of an artist who in many ways was great. Miss Roosevelt's *Life and Reminiscences of Gustave Doré*, published some six years ago, has perhaps more particularity of detail—for Miss Roosevelt is clearly an intrepid interviewer—but Blanchard Jerrold's is the better book.

FRANK T. MARZIALS.

#### ART SALE.

MR. WILLIAM BELL SCOTT, in his later years—when age was well upon him—had sold at Sotheby's the major portion of his collection of prints by the German Little Masters; but some few he had kept—some few he had perhaps even acquired after his well-known sale—and these and other engravings were disposed of under the hammer on Thursday in last week, together with certain drawings by William Blake, and a few modern prints, including two of the poorest impressions of etchings by Whistler which we have ever seen, and one of which (an unimportant subject even when seen in the most desirable of its states) was very curiously described in the Sale Catalogue as "Whistler's best etching." This was the plate entitled "Limehouse"—one of the least attractive of the early Thames set. Mr. Scott's long association with the works of the German Little Masters—on whom he once wrote a pleasant book—naturally made even the remnant of his former collection of these men's works the



central point of interest in the present sale. Before mentioning any prices, however, it should be premised that hardly any print remaining in Mr. Scott's hands at his death was of really fine quality, and that most were in such very undesirable condition, either as to stains and defacements or as to paleness of impression, that the prices obtained by them can hardly be considered representative. But, such as they are, they shall be given; and there were, of course, a few exceptions to the general rule of unworthiness. There were a few desirable things.

By Heinrich Aldegrever, "The Procession at the Wedding"—a complete set, in fair condition—sold for £5 5s, and the print of "Bathsheba and her Maid seen by King David," for £6 10s., while the complete set of the "Parable of Dives and Lazarus" fetched £12 12s. By Albrecht Altdorfer, there was the "Virgin and Child in a Landscape," which sold for £10 10s. (Noseda). By Bartel Beham, the second state of the "Miser and the Abortive Birth" sold for £7 5s. (Noseda), and the rare and strangely fascinating little plate of the "Three Skulls and the Child"—a wonderful little piece of drawing and fore-shortening as well as of actual engraving—was knocked down to Messrs. Deprez and Gutekunst for £3 3s.; it was, however, a very brown impression, by no means in a condition to be envied. By Hans Sebald Beham, the "Virgin seated and holding a Pear in her left hand" (from the Dent collection) fetched £5 5s., and the "Coat of Arms with a Cock," an engaging and finely wrought little print which it is interesting to compare with Dürer's plate of the same name, sold for £3 5s. (Deprez and Gutekunst). By Jacob Binck—yet another of the "Little Masters"—there was no very interesting specimen. A good impression of Hans Brosamer's "Samson and Delilah" fell to Mr. Noseda's bid of £10 15s. After the rare print of the "Penitence of St. Chrysostom," by Lucas Cranach, had been sold for £17 to Deprez and Gutekunst, there came a small group of the works of Albert Dürer. The nice little subject of "The Madonna by the Wall," with its pretty landscape background, sold for £5; the "Virgin crowned by Two Angels" for £7 (Ellis); the "Knight of Death" for £21 (Deprez and Gutekunst); and a good impression of the "Melancholia" for £37 (Deprez and Gutekunst). Among a few printed books sold on the same occasion it may be mentioned that W. J. Linton's *Masters of Wood Engraving*—large-paper copy, issued three years ago at New Haven, Connecticut—fetched £5 17s. 6d. (Parsons), and that *L'Euvre de Martin Schongauer*—being the Amand Durand renderings of this master's engraved work—fell to the bid of £6 15s. (Ellis).

We have chronicled Mr. Bell Scott's sale in some detail, as it possessed interesting features. It is likely to prove almost the final print sale of the present season.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### ÆGEAN POTTERY IN EGYPT.

London: July 19, 1892.

In his last letter Mr. Petrie returns to the four points which he selected for defence in his original reply to my article in the *Classical Review*.

1. He says now that he has always known that the dating of the Kahun pottery was debatable. If he has always known that, why did he say in *Illahun*, p. 9, that "the evidence unmistakably shows" that this pottery must date from the time of Useresen II?

2. He says that Egyptologists are agreed that the Aquashas were Achæans. That is not so—see Wiedemann, *Ägyptische Geschichte*, vol. ii. pp. 474-476, and the authorities there cited.

The whole theory rests on the fact that the names Aquasha and Achæans both begin with A; and if Egyptologists as a body were to accept a theory on such evidence, no one would be bound by their opinion. He says also that his archaeological results would not be affected if the Aquasha were not Achæans. That, again, is not so. Egypt was once invaded by the joint forces of the Lebu and the Aquasha. He took this for an invasion by Libyans and Achæans; from the invasion he inferred a lasting alliance between the Libyans and the Achæans; and from the alliance he inferred a Graeco-Libyan civilisation, of which nobody had ever heard. Then he bought in Cairo a terra-cotta figure, resembling the earliest marble figures from the Greek islands in its general design, but with a mark on the forehead to indicate a Libyan curl of hair. And then he stated, for no reason at all, that this figure must be a product of that Graeco-Libyan civilisation; and that all those figures from the Greek islands must consequently belong to that same period. See *Illahun*, p. 19, and *Hellenic Journal*, vol. xi., p. 275. So far as that result rests on anything, it rests on the identification of the Aquasha with the Achæans; and various other results of his rest mainly on this identification.

3. He denies that he has begged the question in dating the tomb of Maket. But just afterwards he says, "no archaeologist could reasonably date this tomb after the XXIInd Dynasty." That looks uncommonly like begging the question. I want to know the reason why this tomb should not be dated after the XXIInd Dynasty. He admitted in *Illahun*, p. 23, that there was only negative evidence for fixing the lower limit of date for this tomb. I pointed out that negative evidence was never worth much; and that in this case it would suit a date after the XXIInd Dynasty just as well as a date before. Now he says, "it is obvious that the date of any deposit must be taken to be as near the age of the latest object in it as may be possible." That proposition may be obvious, but it certainly is inapplicable here. Most of the objects in this deposit were of uncertain date; and it is mere waste of time to say that the date of a deposit is to be deduced from the date of the latest objects in it, if you cannot tell which of the objects are the latest, or to what period these belong.

4. He says that, in discussing the Gurob vases, I have tried to eke out my arguments with personalities. I have not indulged in any personalities. But in each of my former letters I have been obliged to point out that he had misrepresented my statements on this head; and unfortunately I am now obliged to point out that he has misrepresented them again. He found these vases at Gurob in surroundings which showed that they could not be earlier than a certain period; and then he made the purely arbitrary assumption that they could not be later than this period. He has never attempted to defend that assumption; but he has managed to obscure the issue by taking some remarks of mine upon another point as though they were directed to this point, and framing his replies accordingly.

This other point, of which I spoke, was the dating of the false-necked vases as a class. He deduced the date of the whole class from the dates which he had thus assigned to the examples from Gurob, and took no notice of the dates assigned on surer grounds to other examples of this class. I referred particularly to the false-necked vases represented in fresco in the tomb of Ramessu III., as there cannot be any question about their date; and these vases are very closely related, in ornamentation as well as form, to those vases from Gurob which he assigned to the reign of Tutankhamen some 250 years

earlier. In his former letters he has tacitly admitted this, and has tried to get out of the difficulty by saying that "some patterns are known to have lasted for many centuries with scarcely any change"—an argument which would have been pointless if he did not admit that the decoration on these two sets of vases was practically the same. In my replies I showed that, if he was going to take up this position, he would have to abandon a whole series of generalisations which he had made before; and, curiously enough, he has now changed his mind about the decoration of the vases. Speaking of those in the tomb of Ramessu III., he says that "the decoration of these examples is quite different from, and clearly later than, that of all the earlier examples." As he was formerly of the opposite opinion, he will perhaps be good enough to specify his grounds for these assertions, that the decoration of these vases is (a) quite different from, and (b) clearly later than, that of the others.

Mr. Petrie's last letter will hardly inspire confidence in his methods. He states that he has always known that a date was doubtful, though he has previously made statements to the effect that this date was fixed beyond all doubt. He states that Egyptologists are agreed that the Aquasha were Achæans, though he must know that one group of Egyptologists holds that they were Africans, while another group holds that they were Asiatics. He states that his archaeological results do not depend on the identification of the Aquasha with the Achæans, though he cannot have forgotten that some of these results depend wholly or partly on this identification. And, finally, he states that the decoration on two sets of vases is quite different, though he has previously based an argument on the assumption that the decoration is practically the same.

CECIL TORR.

#### NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE building of the new galleries in Grafton-street are now so far advanced that the directors have resolved to open them in December next with an exhibition of modern pictures by English and foreign artists.

THE annual exhibition of the works of students in schools of art, submitted for national competition, will be opened next week at the South Kensington Museum.

A COLLECTION of pictures and sculpture by Belgian artists is now on view in the galleries of the International Horticultural Exhibition, Earl's-court.

WE may mention that the panorama of "Ancient Egypt," at the Niagara Hall, Westminster, will henceforth be opened free on Sunday afternoons.

FROM Tuesday to Friday of next week Messrs. Sotheby will be engaged in selling a miscellaneous collection of coins, medals, and tokens (mostly English) from a number of different cabinets. Among the lots, we may specially mention—a gold noble of Campen, in imitation of the nobles of Edward III.; Simon's Dunbar medal in gold, which is said to be unpublished in this metal; a gold medal struck by Napoleon I. on the birth of the King of Rome, of which only three are known to be in existence; a large number of the West Indies Tortola "cut money"; and a series of 148 Kentish tradesmen's tokens of the seventeenth century.

AT a recent meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions, M. Tocilescu, curator of the Bucharest Museum, gave an account, illustrated with numerous photographs, of the results of the examination, recently been made

under his superintendence, of a monument in the Dobrujscha which has long been known, but has never hitherto been explained. It is called Adam Klissi, and consists of a massive tower ornamented with bas-reliefs. M. Tocilescu has succeeded in proving that it was erected about A.D. 108, as a memorial of Trajan's victories over the Dacians. The sculptures that have been found almost all relate to the campaigns of Trajan, and consequently offer abundant points of comparison with the bas-reliefs on Trajan's Column at Rome. The ancient town on the site was called Tropaeum Tropaeum Trajani, after the monument. M. Tocilescu stated that the excavations are to be continued, and that an illustrated description will hereafter be published.

## MUSIC.

### GERMAN OPERA.

THE performance of "Tannhäuser" last Saturday evening was an event of considerable interest. To pass from the "Ring," with its tragic story and powerful music, to the opera of Wagner's early days was indeed a striking, but by no means an unpleasant, contrast. In "Tannhäuser" the composer had not broken with the past: it has a real overture, songs which can be detached from the work, stirring choruses; and the orchestra is not, as in the "Ring," a perpetual interweaving and elaboration of themes. But there is, nevertheless, something very attractive about the opera; the old forms are there, and yet, throughout, there are signs of new life and real earnestness. To many indeed, and especially to those who believe that Wagner went somewhat to extremes in his later music-dramas, "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" still represent his highest achievement. The performance on Saturday was not altogether *sans reproche*: the singing was not always perfect as to intonation, and in this matter the chorus of pilgrims left much to desire. Then again there were one or two weak points in the stage management: Venus was somewhat loth to depart, and the lime-light effect when Elizabeth knelt before the shrine was in bad taste. But after the most is made of the faults and failings, it must be said that it was one of the most serious and soul-stirring performances of the work which has been given in London since the Richter season at Drury Lane. Frau Klafsky was the Elizabeth, and threw wonderful charm and pathos into her part. Herr Alvary gave an impressive rendering of the title-role; his acting was superb, but his voice at times—and no wonder after what he has been through—showed signs of fatigue. Fraulein Heink was excellent as the shepherd. Fraulein Bettaque looked well as Venus, but her singing was somewhat hard. Herr Wiegand was the Landgrave, and Herr Reichmann the Wolfram; the latter sang the "Evening Star" song in an expressive manner. The orchestral playing under Herr Mahler's direction was exceedingly good, but in the overture the brass overpowered the strings. The restoration of many passages usually omitted in the first act constituted a great improvement.

"Götterdämmerung" was given for the second time at Drury Lane on Monday evening, and the performance was again most impressive. Frau Klafsky (Brünnhilde) and Herr Alvary (Siegfried) were both in magnificent form. The Rhine Maidens sang delightfully, and the orchestral playing was up to the best Mahler standard. The performances of the various sections of the "Ring" have now come to a close, and the success of the work has exceeded the most sanguine expectations. The Richter Concerts have educated a certain section of the musical public to better

understand and appreciate Wagner, and it was fully to be expected that more interest in and sympathy with the *magnum opus* would be shown than was the case in 1882; yet no one was prepared for the rapt silence with which the work was listened to during the four evenings, nor for the enthusiastic applause which followed every act. Of course, the splendid impersonation of the chief rôles, and the admirable orchestral playing, had not a little to do with the splendid success. But after making liberal allowance for this, it must be acknowledged that the work itself produced a marked effect on the public. Sir A. Harris will, of course, give more German Opera next season. J. S. SHEDLOCK.

## OBITUARY.

MR. CHARLES EDWARD STEPHENS, whose death was recorded last week, was an able and industrious musician. It is nearly half a century since he held his first public appointment as organist. In 1857 he became a member of the Philharmonic Society, of which he was repeatedly chosen a director. His part-song, "Come, fill ye right merrily," gained the prize given by Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir in 1858. Only last season a Symphony of his was produced at the Philharmonic Society under his direction, and the event proved an honourable and successful close to the public career of one who was held in high esteem by all who were acquainted with him. He wrote much music, both secular and sacred.

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## INDIA and the SILVER QUESTION.

By A. COTTEBELL-TUPP, late Accountant-General, Indian Government. See "ASIATIC QUARTERLY REVIEW," July, 1892.

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